

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE NEW STATE CAPITOL, IN PROCESS OF ERECTION AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 323.

## Another Phase of an Old Contest.

MR. J. B. HOPKINS, a publicist of some eminence in England, has just published in London a thoughtful and very fair little book, entitled "The Fall of the Confederacy," in which, after analyzing the causes that made the success of the rebellion impossible, he takes a succinct view of the actual political condition of the United States, and ventures upon some speculations as to the results of the new issues following on the war, first and most important of which is the struggle of the people to recover, through their representatives, the power almost dictatorial, which, under the impulse of high patriotic devotion, and for the preservation of the State, they surrendered, for a time, into the hands of the Executive.

It has been frequently said that there is hardly a monarch in Europe who possesses or may exercise powers so wide as those which have been vested in, or have, from time to time, been assumed by the American Executive. Certainly none ever exercised powers more arbitrary than those which were daily used by Mr. Lincoln, and by his subordinates in the Cabinet, for which there was no warrant in the Constitution or history of the country, and which could only be excused on the ground of vital public necessity. They were such as a free people could never concede except sincerely convinced of such a necessity, nor without reposing sincere faith in the integrity and unselfishness of the President. Congress abdicated half its powers for the time being, in order that the nation might live, and the people endured, in silence, Executive assumptions that, at any other time, would have caused the summary ejection of President and Cabinet from office, if indeed they might not have lost them their heads. Autocrats chuckled, and republicans throughout the world trembled lest the great exemplar of republicanism in America should tamely submit to a real despotism, without struggle or protest. They did not understand the patience and self-sacrifice of the American



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people, nor yet their invincible adherence to their own rights as against arbitrary power and Executive assumption.

The American people anticipated that when the struggle which involved their national life was over, and the danger past, the President would surrender all the extraordinary powers with which they had invested him, or which he had been permitted to assume, if not with their open, with their tacit consent. They did not suppose it possible that he would arrogate these powers thenceforth as prerogatives, and while claiming to be "a plebeian," endeavor to usurp the functions of the National Legislature, as Mr. Johnson certainly did, in his abortive attempt at "reorganizing" the rebel States, who by an act of war had put themselves outside all constitutional rights or privileges.

There is no doubt that, if not from the very organization of our Government, or at least for a long time, there has been a constant tendency to Executive usurpation—a natural tendency perhaps, and unless carried too far, apt to give temporary eclat to the President among the unthinking multitude. The popularity of General Jackson was not due to the beneficence of the measures he supported, not the badness of those he opposed, but to the dictatorial, nay, impious manner in which he conducted himself in the Executive chair. There were ignorant and unthinking men, who thought that to pluck and independence which was only obstinacy and unwarrantable assumption, and hurried accordingly.

The office of the President constitutionally, in theory and essence, is and ought to be purely administrative. The President may suggest and advise, but he has no other function except to obey and see that others obey, the enactments of Congress, when these have become laws through his assent or by a vote of two-thirds of each branch.

The contest now going on between Congress and the President is perhaps well enough understood, but may be summarized in a few words:—



Both agree that the result of the war was to deprive the rebellious States of all political rights in the Union. Both agree that it is desirable these States shall come back, under such restrictions and on such conditions as shall secure the peace and integrity of the country against renewed assaults, and as shall meet the altered condition of things resulting from the war.

But Mr. Johnson insists that it is within his prerogative to say what these conditions shall be, and to judge of their sufficiency to meet the objects which both he and Congress, and the nation at large, deem desirable.

Mr. Johnson, it would have been supposed, would have been glad to have consulted Congress, the representatives of the people, on a matter so momentous. It certainly was supposed he would have called the co-ordinate branch of the Government together, and discharged his constitutional duty of advising it of the state of the nation. But he did not, but of his own motion undertook the task of reorganization or "reconstruction."

No assumption could be more extravagant. It was without any excuse on the ground of imminent danger, which obtained acquiescence, if not approval, for some of Mr. Lincoln's doings, and was a flagrant encroachment on the rights and powers of the National Legislature. Those who support it are unrepentant rebels and their sympathizers, or men so blinded by party as to fail to see that this very issue is that of the people against arbitrary power.

When, in Europe, a Parliament is conceded by the monarch, or wrung from him, the result is hailed as a triumph of the people, and every concession of power to Parliament is welcomed as another recognition and bulwark of popular rights; and yet there are here men so insensate as not to perceive that the battle of Congress is the battle of the people—that the struggle is between popular rights, between the power of the people as concentrated and epitomized in their representatives, and the kingly power as embodied in an aggressive Executive!

There is no doubt as to how the contest will end; but it is sad, and not reassuring, to reflect that there are so many who fail to discover its true significance, or to detect the principle that underlies it.

The author we have alluded to at the outset of this article, in common with all the liberal thinkers and writers of Europe, regards the struggle with real solicitude. He says:

"There has been a change in the American Government, not of recent commencement, but which was immensely accelerated by the war. It is a change which ought to rejoice the hearts of the friends of liberty. It is a change that is the best, and indeed the sole guarantee for the maintenance of constitutional freedom. It is a change which has saved the United States from those evil results that might otherwise have followed from the war. We refer to the increased and increasing power of Congress."

"In England the struggle for the supremacy of Parliament was long and arduous. It began in the reign of the Tudors. The decisive victory was won in the time of the Stuarts, though the conflict did not then cease. The first sovereigns of the House of Hanover essayed to control the will of the Commons, but happily they were unsuccessful. The Commons may, or may not sufficiently represent the people, but the Commons now enjoy undisputed legislative supremacy. The sovereign is not possessed of a title of legislative power, the right of veto being practically obsolete."

"Precisely the same change has taken place in the Government of the United States. The authority of the President has declined. Mr. Johnson has vetoed several bills, but they have been passed over his veto, and the action of Congress has been sustained by the nation. By a true instinct the people will not permit one man to rule, but commit, despite the *les scrupules* of the Constitution, supreme power to Congress. Henceforth Congress will rule, and the President will reign. But for that we might, indeed, be anxious about the future of the United States. Wherever there is individual rule, there is a despotism, whether the ruler be called Emperor or President."

"The change that has taken place will involve another change. Congress is striving to control the Executive, just as the Parliament of England controls the Executive. This is the inevitable result, when a popular assembly becomes supreme in legislation. The assembly that makes the law will not rest until it has the power and opportunity of enforcing the due execution of its acts. In England, the Executive—that is, the Cabinet—sits in Parliament, where it is ready to answer questions, and to give information. The Cabinet, though nominally chosen by the crown, is dependent for its existence on the will of the Commons. Hence it is that the division of offices does not interfere with the unity of rule. The Commons not only legislate, but they enforce the due execution of their will and acts. We may be sure that are long the precedent of England will be followed in America. In every session Congress is more and more inconvenienced by the want of direct relations with the Executive. The government of the country is dangerously enfeebled. There is but one remedy. The ministers must be members of Congress, and they must hold office during the pleasure of Congress. This reform will be one of the immediate consequences of the supremacy of Congress, and it will be accelerated by the contention with Mr. Johnson. For that contention has taught Congress how its acts may be virtually set aside by an Executive that is independent of Congress."

"What of the future of the United States? Everything depends upon the firmness of Congress and the determination of the people. If Congress wavers in asserting its supremacy, then there may be confusion and disaster. A man cannot serve two masters, and a nation cannot have two rulers. Either Congress or the President must be supreme. The United States must be governed by Congress or by the President. It cannot be governed by both. If the President governs, then the Government of the United States will be practically a dictatorship. Such is not the will of the American people, and they will support the supremacy of Congress."

The emigration from France is yearly diminishing. The number which was 17,797 in 1856, had decreased in 1862 to 6,900; in 1863 to 5,771, and 1864 to 5,181. In the above figures is included the emigration to Algeria, which in 1864 consisted of 1,374 persons. In the same year 1,737 left for South America, and 1,087 only for the United States. South America thus attracts a larger number of emigrants than the French colony.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

### Special Notice to the American Public.

We especially invite the attention of the public to the extraordinary and unusually attractive features which will be presented in No. 647 (the next number but one) of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, dated February 22nd, 1868. In that number we will commence the publication, as already announced, of the intensely interesting and dramatic novel of modern society, entitled

#### "THE CHILD WIFE,"

#### A TALE OF TWO WORLDS!

Written expressly for this paper by the celebrated and popular author,

#### CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

We have cheerfully appropriated the sum of

#### TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

to the purchase of the copyright of this work, in full confidence that its merits will be appreciated by the American public.

As a supplement to the same number, will be published a magnificent picture, entitled

#### "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE,"

PRINTED IN OIL COLORS.

Drawn and printed by WILLIAM DICKES, of London, expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, after the original painting by J. J. HILL. This beautiful work of art is superior to anything of the kind that has ever been introduced into this country, or in fact that has ever been published by any illustrated paper in the world. The proprietors of the *London Illustrated News* have for several years past published annually, as supplements to their paper, pictures of a similar character, and their papers with such supplements have been sold in the United States for seventy-five cents per copy. In inviting comparison with the fruit pieces, and other designs so published by the *London Illustrated News*, it is fair to state that that journal has never ventured, with the chromographic process, upon a representation of the human face, except for the production of the simplest and rudest effects.

In "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," on the contrary, the delicacy, the expression, the life-like tints of a masterpiece of oil painting, are imitated with consummate skill and wonderful fidelity.

This beautiful picture must not be mistaken for a colored engraving. It is elaborately printed in oils, every sheet going through the press ten times to receive the many shades of color.

Mr. William Dickes, to whose unequalled skill the American public are indebted for this *chef-d'œuvre*, is the inventor of the *chromographic process* by which this picture is printed, and received a medal at each of the following exhibitions: Paris, 1855; London, 1862; Dublin, 1865, and Paris, 1867.

The size of the picture is 29 by 21½ inches. It represents a fisherman's wife, bearing in her arms her golden-haired child and standing on a rock-behind shore, awaiting the return of her husband's boat; a sweet and eloquent picture of domestic life in an humble sphere, that cannot but be acceptable to all lovers of art in America.

As we have only a limited edition prepared, we suggest that the public send their orders without delay to their news agents, as after the edition shall be exhausted, we shall not be able to supply additional copies without sending expressly to London. The picture, prepared at great cost, will be furnished, together with the accompanying number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, at the retail price of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

### Our Art Exhibit in Paris—Confession of Judgment.

Among the attractions at the Academy of Design this season, we have what purports to be the "collection of pictures sent by the United States to the Paris Exposition." This statement must be taken with some allowance, for while we miss some really good pictures that were in the Exposition, such as Church's "Niagara," and Bierstaeck's "Rocky Mountains," we miss more of those, which, by some extraordinary management or mismanagement, were permitted to disfigure the walls of the American Gallery in Paris, to the exclusion of pictures by competent artists.

It was with a sensation of relief that we noticed the conspicuous absence of Whistler's wonderful productions, and Hunt's astounding "Italian Boy." But it was wrong in the committee that selected—if that be the proper term—the collection for abroad, not to have given us the whole of it, so that our people might be able to pronounce judgment on their choice. We admire their tardy discretion in sifting out most of the duds, in depreciation of the criticisms of their countrymen, and only regret that the wholesome exclusion now made was not exercised at the outset, and thus have spared American art the humiliation which was inflicted on it

by a portion of our gallery in Paris. We are glad that they have finally "owned up," by indirection, to their sins of commission, and hope that no false pride will prevent them from apologizing for their sins of omission. Small as was the space assigned to the United States in the Fine Arts Corridor, it was yet large enough for specimens at least of the various departments of American art—some of which were wholly unrepresented. Why have inflicted five performances by Hunt and four horrors by Whistler on an unoffending public, which gazed at them mutely, uncertain whether to be astonished or amused, while pictures like those of Hart and Bradford could have been obtained for the asking?

It is said that confession is good for the soul, and that the acknowledgment of a fault is half an atonement for its commission. We can only look upon the expurgated "Paris Gallery," now on the walls of the Academy, as a distinct confession that it was not for lack of judgment, or from default of taste, that the original selection was not better. Why then was it not better? Is it possible that illegitimate influences were brought to bear in the matter? Or that importunity and impudent pretension obtained a place for which modest merit would not contend or could not obtain?

In any case, it is something to know that the committee are ashamed to show to their countrymen a considerable part of the pictures which affronted the world in the Fine Arts Gallery of the United States, in the Paris Exposition.

### Giving Work to the Poor.

An unusually large number of laboring men are out of work in and around our cities this season. They are willing to do anything for the means of supporting their families and themselves, but private enterprise is inadequate to supply sufficient labor for them, all sorts of business suffering from the same stagnation from similar causes. The consequence is a crowding of the charitable public institutions, and a drain upon the public purse without any return. This might be in some measure avoided by pursuing the plan recently adopted in Paterson, N. J.

The Comptroller, Recorder, and Poormaster of that city, have been constituted a committee to receive applications from persons wanting work, and to give work to such persons upon the public roads and highways. Nearly three hundred men have been thus furnished with the means of honest support. Most of those applying were laborers, although there were some mechanics whose trades had been dull for months past. Foremen have been appointed wherever men are employed, to see that some regularity is observed in conducting operations.

This seems an excellent idea, and might be followed with the best results in other cities and towns. Many of our public roads and streets in city and suburbs would be the better for labor bestowed upon them, to cleanse them from snow and mud if nothing more.

A sound thrashing, such as the Austrians received at Sadowa, was never followed by better results. It started that reactionary country in a progressive policy which threatens to leave even Prussia behind, and which tides over in a day what it takes France and England years to accomplish. The last advice are that the Hungarian Diet has passed a bill emancipating the Jews by a vote of sixty-four to four, a decision which there, as elsewhere, will add great strength to the Liberal party. Russia is now the only first-class power which imposes disabilities on Jews.

HYPPOPHAGY seems going up in the world. A man writes to the *London Times* to say he gave a dinner off a gray pony, aged eighteen, on which he had ridden six miles on the previous Saturday (he need not have mentioned its color when alive, or his ride upon it—it needlessly increases the aversion to horse), and that it was quite equal to beef. Moreover, one of the invited who dined off it, as we may say impartially, and without prepossession in its favor, if also without prejudice against it, gives evidence in favor of this pony-dinner. Indeed he writes with a vivacity of epicurism which excites his host's censure, for the latter assures the *Times* that he did not provide the entertainment to gratify epicures with a new flavor, but to save 2,000,000 pounds of cheap and excellent horse food, which are annually wasted through a senseless prejudice. As to the flavor of the gray pony, we are told: "Take the flavor of butchers' meat and of game as your two extreme points of comparison, the flavor of horse-flesh will occupy the mean between them"—a scientifically phrased, but yet far from clear definition. What butchers' meat, and what game? Is the mean to be ½ (veal + partridge), or ¼ (mutton + wild-duck), or what?

"BRIGAND" was originally the name of a soldier who wore a particular kind of armor. These brigands were a lawless set of fellows, and the name having fallen into disrepute, came to be applied to the pirates of the Mediterranean, who employed small swift vessels, with adroit draught of water. These were then called brigantines, and hence, by corruption, came the name, "brig."

A book has recently been published in Birmingham, England, entitled, "A Century of Birmingham Life," in which we find that negroes were openly sold in that busy city no longer ago than 1771, as witness the following advertisement:

"November 11, 1771.—To be Sold by Auction, on the 30th day of Nov. inst., at the House of Mrs. Webb, and known by the sign of the Baker's Arms, between the hours of Three and Five in the Evening of the said Day, and subject to Articles, that will be then and there produced (except sold by private Contract before the Time), of which Notice will be given to the Public by John Heeley, of Walsall, Auctioneer and Salesman. A Negro Boy from Africa, supposed to be about Ten or Eleven Years of Age. He is remarkably strait, well-proportioned, speaks tolerably good English, of a mild Disposition, friendly, officious, sound, healthy, fond of Labor, and for Color an excellent fine Black. For Particulars enquire of the said John Heeley."

The custom prevailed in those days, which Frenchmen believe to be universal in England, of leading a woman with a halter round her neck through a toll-gate, paying toll for her as for a horse, and then selling her:

"August 31, 1773.—Samuel Whitehouse, of the parish of Willenhall, in the county of Stafford, this day sold his wife, Mary Whitehouse, in open market, to Thomas Griffiths, of Birmingham, value one shilling. To take her with all her faults."

SAMUEL WHITEHOUSE

and

MARY WHITEHOUSE.

"Voucher—THOMAS BUCKLEY, of Birmingham.

"The parties are all exceedingly well pleased, and the money paid down as well for the toll as purchase."

THE Army Bill just adopted by the Legislative Chambers of France provides for an army of 750,000 ready for war, and for a reserve force of about 500,000 more. This is something to be thought over by Frenchmen and all Europe. It is a stupendous event in the history of Europe, and no wonder that the leaders of the French Opposition in the Chamber thought it so, and raised their feeble voices against it. They must give up all hopes of internal liberty in France, and Europe must give up all hope of peace. As for the peace of Europe, we may look on that as gone. The President of the Commission that reported in favor of the bill did so on the express ground that there must be war, and that to pass this bill was the way to win in the war that must come.

THERE are no recent tidings of importance from Crete, except that the Grand Vizier has failed, like his lieutenants, to subdue or conciliate the insurgents. The rebellion has assumed a chronic form, and time is on the side of the Cretan mountaineers and of their confederates in Greece; for it is certain that the Turkish Government will obtain no foreign assistance, and its own resources are seriously diminished by the withdrawal of the Egyptian contingent. It will be easy to keep the insurrection smoldering until Russia finds a pretext for intervention.

ROCHDALE, in England, which was the pioneer of co-operation, having, more than twenty years ago, begun an association of this character, that is now the richest and most prosperous of all similar societies in England, has recently introduced a new feature into this excellent system. A theatre has been much needed in the town for some time past, and at length the workmen took the matter in hand, and started a co-operative dramatic society, with shares of £1 each. They quickly obtained a fund of £6,000, and a theatre capable of seating 2,200 persons has been opened under the most favorable circumstances. This is a novel phase of co-operation, and seems to be a good one.

THE Allocation of the Pope on the 20th December was an emphatic scold. He said: "While Satan, his satellites, and his sons do not cease to let loose in the most horrible manner their fury against our divine religion, against us, and against the Chair of St. Peter, and to vex and torment the population of unhappy Italy—so long devoted to us—the God of all mercy and goodness manifests Himself in the most ostensible and admirable manner"—viz., French bayonets. We are now informed by the cable that he has sent the hat and sword of "The Defender of the Faith" to the French Emperor. St. Chasépot is soon to be canonized.

PUBLIC sentiment in this country is becoming so sensitive on the subject of the rights of American citizens abroad, that, unless a better understanding be effected in the premises between the Government of the United States and that of Great Britain, there is serious danger of a collision between the two powers. The arrest of George Francis Train in England, upon the frivolous pretense of his connection with Fenianism, has caused an excitement and indignation in this country that cannot be explained by any feature in that gentleman's individuality, and must, therefore, be entirely founded upon the popular estimate of the principle that has been outraged in his person. The American people are evidently not disposed to submit to any provocation upon this question, and the force of public opinion will compel Congress to legislate, very directly and emphatically, for the protection of our national honor and interests, and the vindication of the privileges of American citizenship when assailed upon foreign soil. Still, it is to be hoped that our National Legislature will do nothing in the spirit of bravado, or for the purpose of pandering to popular excitement. The object is not to provoke a collision, but to maintain the dignity of the Republic and the rights of the people. If, however, statesmanship can find no smooth and peaceable path out of the difficulty, the Government may rest assured that, when the time shall come—if it must come—to measure strength with a foreign power for the protection of Americans abroad, the people will promptly and enthusiastically devote themselves to the task.

The estimates of the Comptroller, as printed by order of the Common council, require an appropriation of between eleven and twelve million dollars for the various expenses of the city of New York for the current year. This does not include the county expenses, which are in charge of the Board of Supervisors, and which amount to as much more. It is probable that our taxes next fall will approximate two and three quarters per cent. on the assessed valuation of property. Our tax-payers, perhaps, would accept this infliction



with becoming resignation if they could hope for a beneficent municipal government, with the attendant conveniences of clean streets and police efficiency. But it does seem hard to pay so large a sum for so little value received. New York, with its wealth, its intelligence, its interests and its responsibilities, and taxed as it is without mercy, should be the best governed city in the Republic; we fear that, in many particulars, it is the worst.

The world seems to be passing through a terrible ordeal in the way of convulsions of nature, accidents by flood and field, fearful and unnatural crimes and tremendous explosions. In this country, in England and in France, accidents of the last-mentioned class have been latterly unusually frequent, but nothing so destructive has been recorded as the explosion in the Chinese arsenal at Wuchung, opposite Han Kow, intelligence of which has reached us by a cable dispatch. It has been stated that 5,000 persons were killed by this frightful calamity, but this account is considered an exaggeration, as let us earnestly hope it is; the more moderate estimate being that 1,000 lives were lost. There were no Europeans among the victims. The shock of the explosion was distinctly heard at Kinkiang, 120 miles distant.

In the New Jersey House of Assembly the Hon. A. O. Evans has been elected Speaker by a vote of 46 to 14. This is chiefly owing to his moderation in politics, and his gentlemanly bearing during the two sessions he has already served. His speech on taking the chair was excellent. We cordially endorse what a leading journal of New York says. This gentleman, who is the editor of the Hudson County Democrat, is well qualified for the position by natural talents and aptitudes, by the knowledge of public affairs gained by experience on the press of this city and New Jersey, and by service in the New Jersey Legislature, first as Assistant Secretary of the Senate, and afterward as member of Assembly.

About one week ago the citizens of Phillipsburg, Pa., were thrown into a state of intense excitement by the discovery of a singular suicide, the victim of self-destruction being a young lady who had engaged private apartments at a prominent hotel for one week. During her stay, there were no signs which could attract any special attention, although it was observed that she remained in her room most of the time. One morning and a few days after her arrival it was noticed that she had not left her room, and the clerk becoming somewhat alarmed, procured a key and entered the room. There he saw the young lady in burial dress, nothing disfigured except the bluish hands and face, with mouth and eyes opened, and as if ready to speak. There she lay a motionless form, with neither life nor feeling. Her hair was neatly combed, face and hands cleanly washed, and the water remained in the bowl with which she had prepared herself for the tomb. She wore a fine brown delaine walking-dress, and on her feet were finely worked gaiter hose, never before worn; an empty glass lay upon the stand, and three papers, which had contained the drug. The body was taken in charge by the authorities to await the recognition of some of her friends.

This being Leap Year, the ladies will be honored with rare privileges until 1869. Already expressions have been made of their determination to carry everything before them, and in several instances positive hostilities have been commenced against the gentlemen. Gentlemen should at once enter upon the study of social tactics, and use much discretion in replying to the sorties of their fair foes—neither saying "yes" at the first call to surrender, nor repeating that evidence of submission at every favorable moment. Of course, the clergy and members of the bar estimate a rich harvest before next Christmas, in tying and untying the matrimonial knot, which actions will prove a public benefit by aiding the circulation of ready money. At this time the following paragraph from an ancient statute-book, may not prove uninteresting: "Albeit it is now become part of the common law, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every Bi-sexistile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege of making love unto men, which they do either by words or looks as unto them seemeth proper, and no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offer of a lady, or who doth in anywise treat her proposal with neglect or contumely."

The remains of the late Emperor Maximilian arrived at Vienna by a special train from Trieste, in charge of a large military escort, on the 16th of January last. Immediately upon its arrival, the train was surrounded by the Austrian officials, the military, and a vast concourse of the people, who gave frequent exhibitions of their respect for the unfortunate deceased. In the evening the funeral obsequies were celebrated with a solemn procession and a requiem mass. At the conclusion of the mass, the body was placed in the vault that had been prepared for its reception, and the spectators gradually and sorrowfully withdrew. The Emperor Francis Joseph has written an autograph letter to Admiral Tegethoff, thanking him, in the name of the Imperial family, for his services in recovering the remains of the late Emperor of Mexico, and bringing them home for burial among his kindred.

The Right Rev. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, D. D., LL.D., now bishop of the diocese of Kentucky, is to succeed the late Bishop Hopkins in the office of President of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church of the United States. Bishop Smith is a native of Rhode Island. He was born in Bristol in 1794, and graduated at Brown University in the class of 1816. He studied theology with Bishop Griswold, who then resided at Bristol, and was ordained deacon in 1818, and presbyter in 1819. During the civil war he maintained the truest loyalty to the Union, and in its early stages, especially while the position of Kentucky was dubious, he made his influence very widely felt in the State in supporting the Government and promoting the cause of the Union.

Not the least among the social entertainments of the last week was the annual reunion of the New York Typographical Society, celebrated at their rooms, No. 3 Chambers street, on the evening of the 17th of January, that being the 163d anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birthday. On Wednesday evening, 22d instant, the Clerks' Aid Society held their tenth anniversary ball at Tremor's Rooms in Sixth Avenue. Thursday evening, the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie gave their grand bal masque at the Academy of Music. The costumes were pleasingly varied, and all the parties engaged appeared to throw off their natural reserve and to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Under the title of the Electric Ball, the telegraphic fraternity assembled at the New York Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening, for their annual social reunion. The fifth annual ball of the Italian Society—Unione e Fratellanza—came off on Monday evening, at Irving Hall, under the Presidency of the Consul-General of Italy. The affair was gotten up for the benefit of the Italian Evening School, which for more than four years past has been conducted by this benevolent society.

## THE LAST THEATRICAL HIT.

As a ballet, "The White Fawn," at Niblo's, is as good as its predecessor, "The Black Crook"—neither much better nor much worse than scores of ballets which we have seen elsewhere, or in Niblo's itself.

But as a spectacular ballet, "The White Fawn" is, as "The Black Crook" was, when first produced, emphatically the success of the season.

Such splendor and variety in its continuous splendor has never before been exhibited by any theatrical management in this country. It is true that the dramatic father of "The White Fawn" has displayed no very great progress upon the gentleman who begat "The Black Crook." The dramatic company may be better, but what they do is quite as uninteresting. It is simply a scenic spectacle, with dancing to any extent, calculated to suit the demands of the most exacting eye in form, color, gold and glitter.

The first act was the prologue, and offered us the Bell Kingdom. This was an admirable scene, and the building of the Dark Tower, in which to immure the Princess Bell, by an army of juvenile masons and hod-carriers, did credit to the drilling powers of the general in command of the small battalion.

In the second act, however, when what purported to be the business of the play commenced, splendor flung itself around with a lavish hand. The Yellow Kingdom was a gorgeously got up tableau of amber and gold. Metallic yellow tints flashed upon bewildered eyes from every side; yellow silks and satins, and cloth of gold fatigued the sight with their almost luminous brilliancy. Close upon this, after a brief visit to the Dark Tower, we came to an Enchanted Lake in the Forest of Sycamores, where Bonfanti and a troupe of ballerinas gave us a charming ballet, named "The Fire-fly." They danced with white lights creasing their heads, giving those on the outside of the footlights a shiver of dread, lest ignition of a chance piece of floating drapery might convert the ballet into a tragedy. However, so grave an accident is so carefully guarded against, that every night "The Fire-fly" terminates to rapturous applause.

We have the Fish Kingdom in the succeeding act, after a brief halt in the Yellow Empire. One of the fish was rather indelicate in his acting on the opening night, but has since been subdued into a commendable degree of decency for a ballet-artist. A naïvely comic dance, followed by the *Cancan* as the *Cancan* has never before appeared to New York eyes, then delighted the lovers of Terpsichore. On the first night a few ill-bred individuals hissed sparsely amid the tumultuous warmth of the reception of the last. We now take it with the open hands of a discreet disgust, as a glowing exhibition of Parisian morality, slightly veiled to suit our own attitude.

The next act is in the Principality of the *Afies*, a lady who has captured the fire of the Bell Princess and the Queen of the Yellow Kingdom, and heaven only knows who besides. Here we are offered a delicious Ballet of Almées and Bayaderes, then an Egyptian Dance, and moreover a *Pas de Cinq*, by Miles Bonfanti, Dillon, Scholke, and Fontani, and M. Van Hamme. Then on the first night the malevolent Fairy of the Piece gratified her desire for the discomfort of the spectators by transferring all the dramatic persons to the Realm of Pantomime, which proved a considerable bore to both sections of the contents of the house, as their residence (!) only terminated close upon two o'clock, A. M., with an apologetic explanation from Mr. Wheatley for the non-production of the Transformation scene.

This scene was produced on Monday evening of last week, at the comparatively reputable time of a quarter of an hour before midnight.

The name is "The Bright Realm of the Dragon Fly."

What the Dragon Fly has to do with "The White Fawn" it would be difficult to say, but his Realm was certainly a magnificent culmination to all the preceding gorgeousness. Colored fires, gold and silver, female loveliness, stage paint and canvas had been welded together by the hand of a master, or for aught we know, the hands of a dozen masters in the art of dazzling the public eye. Boundless enthusiasm received each new change and each new development of its many-hued glitter and splendor, until, at its close, well-nigh half an hour after its commencement, the curtain finally fell upon a certain and assured success, if not as great, at all events only inferior to that of "The Black Crook," on the score of the brand-new novelty upon our stage which had characterized that production.

—Stephen Massett, or Joems Pipes, of Pipesville gave one of his entertainments on the 14th of November at the Masonic Hall, Yokohama, Japan. Price of tickets three silver dollars. It was crowded, many Japanese nobles being present.

## ART GOSSIP.

Mr. H. C. BISPHAM, an artist formerly of Philadelphia, but for some time past settled in this city, has now on exhibition at Goupil's a large cattle-piece which possesses a great deal of merit. The landscape is of a fresh and pastoral character, and the groupings of the cattle have been managed with skill. In manner Mr. Bispham somewhat inclines to the Verbeck-hoven peculiarities, but not to an extent that amounts in any sense to imitation.

Some cabinet pictures of tropical scenery, lately painted by Mr. M. J. Heade, are now to be seen in the studio of Mr. Church, where Mr. Heade paints during the absence of that artist, who is at present travelling in Asia. Mr. Heade is now at work on a large marine subject.

Mr. E. Colman has found a subject for his pencil in the curious old pile of buildings known as the Castle Garden. New York Bay, busy with swarming craft of all sorts and sizes, forms the background and a portion of the foreground of the picture, which is not yet finished, but gives promise of being a very striking and interesting work.

One of the most graceful works, on a small scale, that we remember to have seen from the hand of Mr. Palmer, is an *alto-relievo* idealization of "Hope," executed in white marble, and now on exhibition at Schaus's Gallery. The turn of the head is especially easy and natural, and the looseness and fall of the drapery are rendered with consummate skill.

At Schaus's there are now on view two companion pictures by E. Hamman. One represents "A Visit to the Studio of Murillo," the other, "Artist's Visiting Paul Veronese." These pictures, albeit somewhat conventional in treatment, are painted with all the care and skillful manipulation for which Hamman is distinguished. Large engravings from these, executed in the mezzotint style by Gaudier, are also to be seen in the same gallery.

M. Schaus has just added to his collection a picture by Kreffler, entitled "A Florentine Beauty of the Fifteenth Century." It is a half-length of a beautiful brunette, seated, and holding in one hand a fan made of peacock feathers. The expression of the face is very arch and *apricote*. In the dark-red velvet dress, which is exquisitely painted, there is harmonious accord with the rich color of the dark beauty's cheeks and lips. The fan is also painted with great skill; but so far as the fashion of the lady's attire goes, the style of her *chevelure*, and her appearance generally, indeed, it would fit very well to change her given description to that of "An American Beauty of the Nineteenth Century."

The present stagnation in the circulation of works of art has induced artists to look about them for means of disposing of their accumulated pictures. We have already referred to special exhibitions and auction sales, lately arranged by individual artists of more or less note. Mr. J. F. Cropsey is about to follow this example, and will shortly place on exhibition, and for sale,

in one of the public galleries, a number of pictures, sketches, and drawings, made by him in various parts of the world.

A chromo-lithograph portrait of General Grant, from a painting by Mr. Constant Mayer, has been lately issued by Messrs. Fabronius, Gurney & Son. The likeness is a good one, and the chromo compares favorably with any specimens of that branch of art as yet executed in this country.

Mr. T. S. Noble's picture of "John Brown" is now on exhibition in the art gallery of Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son. The picture is an upright one, and the figures are the size of life. "Old John Brown," his arms pinioned with a cord, is on his way to the gallows upon which they hanged him. The figure of the white-bearded man is full of manly dignity. A young colored woman kneels before him, offering her infant for his blessing, which the old hero gives, with his left hand placed on the child's head. The guard in attendance wears the old-fashioned uniform of the "Confederates," which gives a picturesque element to the composition, besides being strictly in accordance with fact. In the background there are several peering faces of a stamp very characteristic of the time and place. In contrast with the colored types, are two fair boys in the foreground group to the right. The negro character is admirably painted, and the drawing, throughout the composition, does credit to a pupil of Thomas Couture, in whose studio Mr. Noble was an assiduous worker some few years ago. An excellent lithograph of this fine picture has lately been executed by Endicott.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE New Year has come in seasonably, with bright sky and frost and snow. The year, however, looks gloomy, and the political horizon augurs storm. The Eastern question has evidently advanced, and other contingencies are at hand. The first move and the question of the day is the new French Army Bill. All the able-bodied are to be gradually incorporated into the ranks, and the Second Empire is about to repeat the errors of the first. The number of conscripts, 100,000 annually, will exhaust all the manhood of France, and a population that slowly increased will not advance at all under "martial law." The conscript, too, is kept too long in the ranks; seven years of military service demoralizes the "subject" for other employments, and the flower of the country is doomed to assured destruction. It is the old gambling for human life. France has learnt nothing new, but merely follows her old traditions that it is better to fight than work, to extend her dominions abroad than increase at home. No doubt she will soon attack Germany or Russia, but probably with little success, as the power of nations depends upon the vitality of race, and she is less vital than the German or the Slave. The morals and maxims of courts and camps do not make nations great, prosperous, or flourishing. France, too, has no cause and no cry to go with to the contest. The aim of war must be territorial aggrandizement on her part, with the subjective view of recovering a prestige considerably damaged by the collapse of the Mexican Empire, and the humiliating part in that tragedy played by the planter of the Latin race on the soil of America, which proved so unfavorable to the growth of that prematurely decayed Western civilization. So urgent are the necessities of more conscripts that even aliens and their children domiciled in France are to swell the ranks of the Imperial levies. As some of them are British or American citizens, whose rights are probably guaranteed by treaties, there will no doubt arise some "hitch" in the scheme. In fact, a more unscrupulous despotism has not been seen for centuries. It is far inferior to the Prussian scheme, with its short service of two years, just at the beginning of life, sufficient to make the lad a soldier without preventing the man becoming a citizen, giving him back to his family comparatively unpolished with the habits of the camp, and enabling him to work his Silesian farm, and add immensely to the crop of little Germans which spring up around his Laree and Penates. All which is ignored by that grim pretorian prefect of the Second Empire, Marshal Niel, to whose vision France appears a camp, Paris the headquarters, and humanity the cattle of the drill sergeant. As for such hosts as will be soon in arms there is no disarmament except death, the issue must be a general European war.

Fenianism gives considerable apprehension here; it is a kind of private war on a small scale; one day a gasometer is to be exploded, next day a town-hall blown up, or a policeman is shot at, or a juryman is attacked, or a railway station is to be destroyed, or the Atlantic cable cut. Then the official mind is filled with various rumors, anonymous communications and secret dread; mains are flushed, fire-engines held in readiness, special constables innumerable enrolled, the police armed. All ends, however, as might be expected; great schemes, if planned, are detected, smaller outrages when perpetrated, punished. The Tory press are throwing out suggestions for repressive remedies: "suspension of the Habeas Corpus," "Martial Law," prosecution of the press itself, odious measures only resorted to in the face of actual insurrection, and for which so much blame was thrown by it on the United States when engaged in the struggle against Secession. When the middle classes are sufficiently scared, some of these means will probably be adopted by the Parliament, but they are dangerous, not to say unconstitutional and illegal, and calculated to increase the evils they profess to cure. In Ireland there is no doubt great danger, as the mass of the Roman Catholic population are disaffected, and sooner or later the question must be determined in the usual way. The Fenians can have no hope, except that of embroiling England and America in a fratricidal war, the results of which would not result in the aims of Fenianism, however disastrous it might be to both countries.

The Alabama claims remain where they were. Looked at from this side of the Atlantic, it is considered that any State has the right to acknowledge any provisional government as belligerent, that the blockade of President Lincoln formally did so prior to the British recognition, and that the belligerent rights granted to the South were really beneficial to the United States, as without it no blockade could have been recognized by the British Government. No doubt as a general axiom it is premature to recognize any government but those already established, before the end of their contests with the authority from which they attempt to separate. The recognition of such attempts as afterward collapse, throws a certain discredit on the political judgment of such States as do so. The question is ticklish, but will probably be amicably settled at a future day.

The Abyssinian expedition is going ahead, but no warlike encounters have as yet taken place. The Abuna, or Patriarch, has died, some charitably suppose by the arts of King Theodore, who seems at the present moment to be nowhere, while some rival potentates, kings of Shoa and Tigre, have shown pacific dispositions. The mules and camels have landed, but a new trouble has turned up; some mules have died of fever, probably from overloading the transporters with that freight of cattle; others devoured their hangers and fled into the desert, or found new owners.

The value of the Suez Canal is now appreciated, and not abused and thwarted, as it formerly was, under the apprehension that it was a French occupation of Suez. Troops to and fro from India, and for Abyssinia, are passing through it as the natural highway of the Red Sea. Sooner or later it must be an object of no small solicitude to England as the front-door of India, while Herat is the back entrance. It will require a "vigorous foreign policy" to keep those doors open to England and shut to all intruders. They are the Sound and Dardanelles of the British Empire in the East. The Dead Sea will quickly become an Indian lake, if it is not so already. In case of war, Suez is the key of the position in the Mediterranean, and it will be a race between Russia and

Herat, and England and Bombay, via Suez, whenever the Slave Colossus lays a little finger on the north-western frontiers of Afghanistan. Timid counsels and tranquillizing assurances at present keep things quiet; but the future points to a gigantic struggle, in which will be involved the very existence of European civilization as it is exhibited at present.

The New Year's Day reception at the Tuilleries went off with the usual diplomatic hon-bons of set phrases between the ambassadors and the emperor, whose speech to the Prussian Minister was polite, but not quite clear. The Prussian Minister has also addressed some reassuring platitudes to the King of Italy, on presenting the credentials as ambassador of the North-German Confederation, of which Bismarck may be considered the life and soul. Alliances properly cemented supplement armies. It is not merely the amount of men in arms, but the confidence that States inspire, which guarantees their security, and Bismarck will utilize his weak friend.

Venus has at length burst forth, and torrents of lava are streaming down the old currents in the direction of Resina and Torre del Goeco, the inhabitants of which are alarmed, and began to quit after this last notice. They will no doubt go back, as they always do, after the eruption is over.

The walrus which died cost the Zoological Society \$2,000, and did not bring in 2,000 cents to the Gardens. It arrived at the wrong season, as the weather here was not favorable to enjoying the attraction.

There is nothing at present very new or important in science or literature, but something will no doubt occur to enliven the dullness of the learned societies. Hepworth Dixon's book is announced as all but ready, and will give some curious accounts of certain sects of German pietism with Mormonic proclivities in high quarters and amidst strong doctrines. Marchetti, the sculptor, has died at Paris; his works are well known and appreciated here, where sculpture has much declined, and requires a revival, and Marchetti stopped a gap which will have to be stopped again. He had a certain vigor and fire of conception, in the medieval style; but his works, like most modern sculpture, had a good deal of the pictorial about them. As to Australian and New Zealand trees, attempts to acclimatize them in England have proved unsuccessful, and 500 which were planted out last year at Kew perished. It would require half a century of experiments to raise a single eucalyptus or wattle. Could it be done, the accession to our woods would be most acceptable.

## THE NEW CAPITOL AT ALBANY, N. Y.

We are enabled to lay before our readers this week a very accurate representation of the plan of the new State Capitol which was adopted by the Board of Commissioners in September last. According to this design, the building will certainly be an attractive one, and will combine great architectural beauty with a degree of ease and grace which will make it compare favorably with any similar structure in this country.

The building will be erected upon the site now occupied by Congress Hall, the Public Library, and a number of private dwellings, the demolition of which has already begun, and will extend a distance of 280 feet on Eagle and Hawk streets, and 350 feet on State street and Washington avenue. The style of architecture to be observed is that of the *renaissance*, which is almost universally adopted in Europe for buildings designed for civil purposes. The Commissioners have yet to decide upon the building material; the advantages and beauty of marble and granite being urged with about equal force. The terrace in front, which was rendered necessary by the sharpness of the grade, will form a new and magnificent feature of the edifice. The tower, which will be about 300 feet in height, was adopted as being more elegant and appropriate than a dome, which is seldom found in European buildings, except those of an ecclesiastical nature. In the centre of the structure will be a commodious open court, constructed of the same material as the external walls, and finished in accordance with the general embellishments. The subjects of light and ventilation have been carefully studied by the architects, and the building will be fire-proof throughout.

The Senate Chamber will be located on the State street side, and will be 75 feet long, by 50 feet wide, exclusive of galleries.

The Assembly Chamber is to be on the Washington avenue side, and will be 95 by 75 feet in dimensions, likewise exclusive of galleries. The Public Library will occupy the second and third stories of the entire front.

For the Executive Department, the Governor will require five rooms—one of about 850 feet area, a private room of about 500 feet area, with a small anteroom, two rooms for Secretaries of about 500 feet area each, with an anteroom to each of about 400 feet area.

The Adjutant-General will require four rooms, one of about 500 feet area, with a small anteroom attached, and three of about 400 feet area each.

The other members of the Governor's Military Staff will require six rooms of about 400 feet area each, with a small anteroom attached to each.

The Law Library will, it is estimated, contain at the close of the present year about 20,000, and the General Library about 50,000 volumes, and both are steadily increasing. Ample provision is made, by galleries and otherwise, for the future growth of both libraries. They will be in separate apartments, with a reading-room or rooms of suitable size attached to each. A room or hall, situated in a convenient locality, is to be fitted up for maps, charts, paintings, statuary, and objects of special interest.

There will also be a room of about 600 feet area for the Regents of the University, another for the Secretary of about 500 feet area, and another adjoining of about 400 feet area for records and other purposes. Also a packing and store-room, and a room for duplicates, each of about 500 feet area.

The room in which the sessions of the Court of Appeals will be held will contain about 5,000 feet area, with a gallery or other suitable arrangements for reporters and visitors. There will be a library of about 1,000 feet area, and a consultation-room annexed thereto for the judges of about 800 feet area, with an ante-room, two rooms for the Clerk of the Court, and a record room, each of 600 feet area, and a room of about 400 feet area for the officers and other persons in attendance on the court.

An apartment, containing about 4,000 feet area, is to be set apart to provide for the contingencies of the future, and which may be used by either branch of the Legislature, the Governor, or other State authorities, for special purposes.

In addition to these, there will be ample apartments for a post-office, cloak and reception-rooms, and a number of committee-rooms, with the requisite ante and record-rooms attached.

The floors of the halls, and the stairs, landings and passages throughout the building are to be of stone, or of stone and iron, where the use of iron may be preferable.

It will be impossible to estimate the cost of the structure, or the time that will be occupied with its completion, until the Commissioners hold another consultation, and determine upon the building material, the nature and extent of the ornamentation, and conclude contracts with builders, etc. We are assured, however, that the work will be pushed forward with vigor.

Messrs. Gilman & Kendall, of this city, and Fuller & Laver, of Albany, are the architects.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.



EXAMINATION OF FENIAN PRISONERS, BOW STREET, LONDON.

**Examination of the Fenian Prisoners.**

On the 30th of December last, the five prisoners who had been held in custody on a charge of murder, caused

conveyed to the court in a prison van, escorted by a strong detachment of mounted police, who were heavily armed with revolvers and cutlasses. Our illustration represents the interior of the court during the exam-



H. M. S. GALATEA IN A CYCLONE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

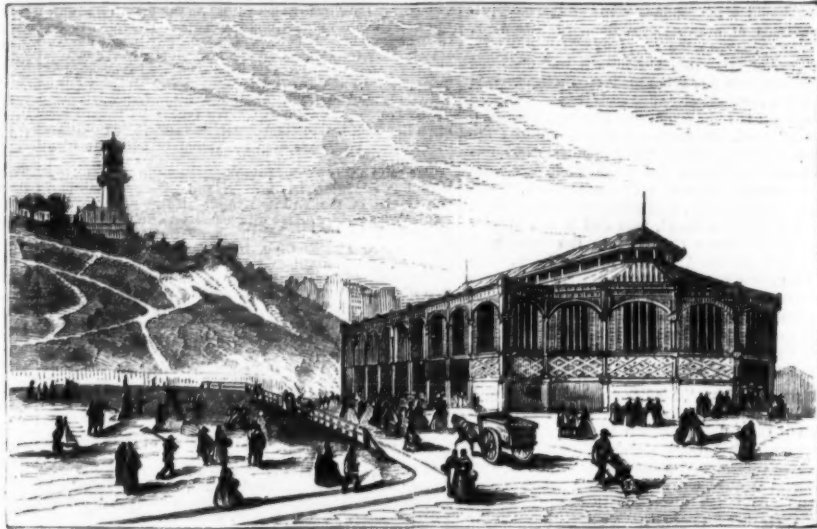
arrest of the parties, and a dairyman who had seen several men bring a barrel of gunpowder to the walls of the prison, but was unable to identify either of the persons in the dock. A charge of treason-felony was

**New Church of the Trinity, Paris.**

Not only new boulevards are being built in Paris, but also new churches, that spring up so rapidly that they seem to have been raised by the wand of an en-



NEW CHURCH OF THE TRINITY, PARIS.



NEW MARKET AT MONTMARTRE, PARIS.



HOLIDAY SHOPS ON THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS.



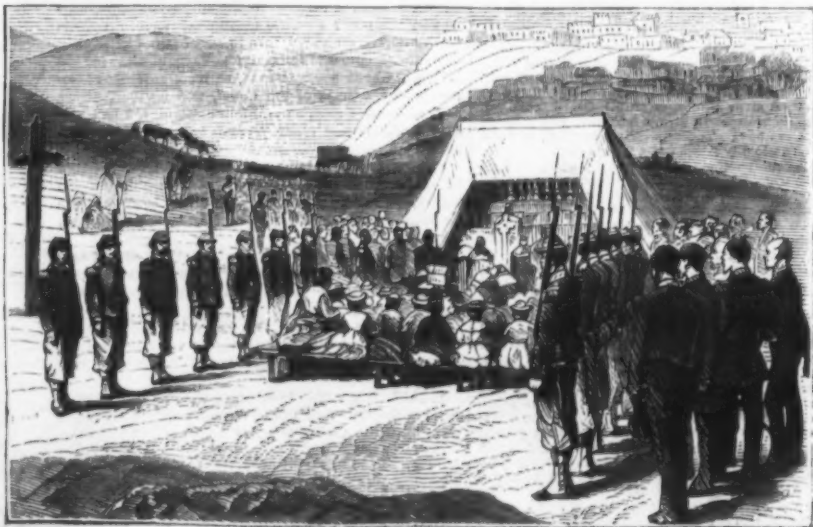
GOOSE MARKET, STRASBURG.

by their attempt to blow up the Clerkenwell House of Detention, for the purpose of liberating the Fenian prisoners there confined, were again brought up at the Bow Street Police Court for trial. The prisoners were

inmate. The names of the prisoners are Timothy and William Desmond, brothers, Jeremiah Allen, Nicholas English, and Ann Justice. The principal witnesses examined were the police officers who had assisted in the

set up against the brothers Desmond, Nicholas English, John O'Keefe and Patrick Mullany. At the conclusion of the examination the prisoners were again remanded to their cells.

chanter. At the extremity of Chaussée-d'Antin is to be seen the new Church of the Trinity, the elegant work of M. Ballu, which is pronounced to be, among the modern monuments that embellish Paris, not even



BENEDICTION OF THE FRENCH CEMETERY AT BOGHARI, ALGIERE.



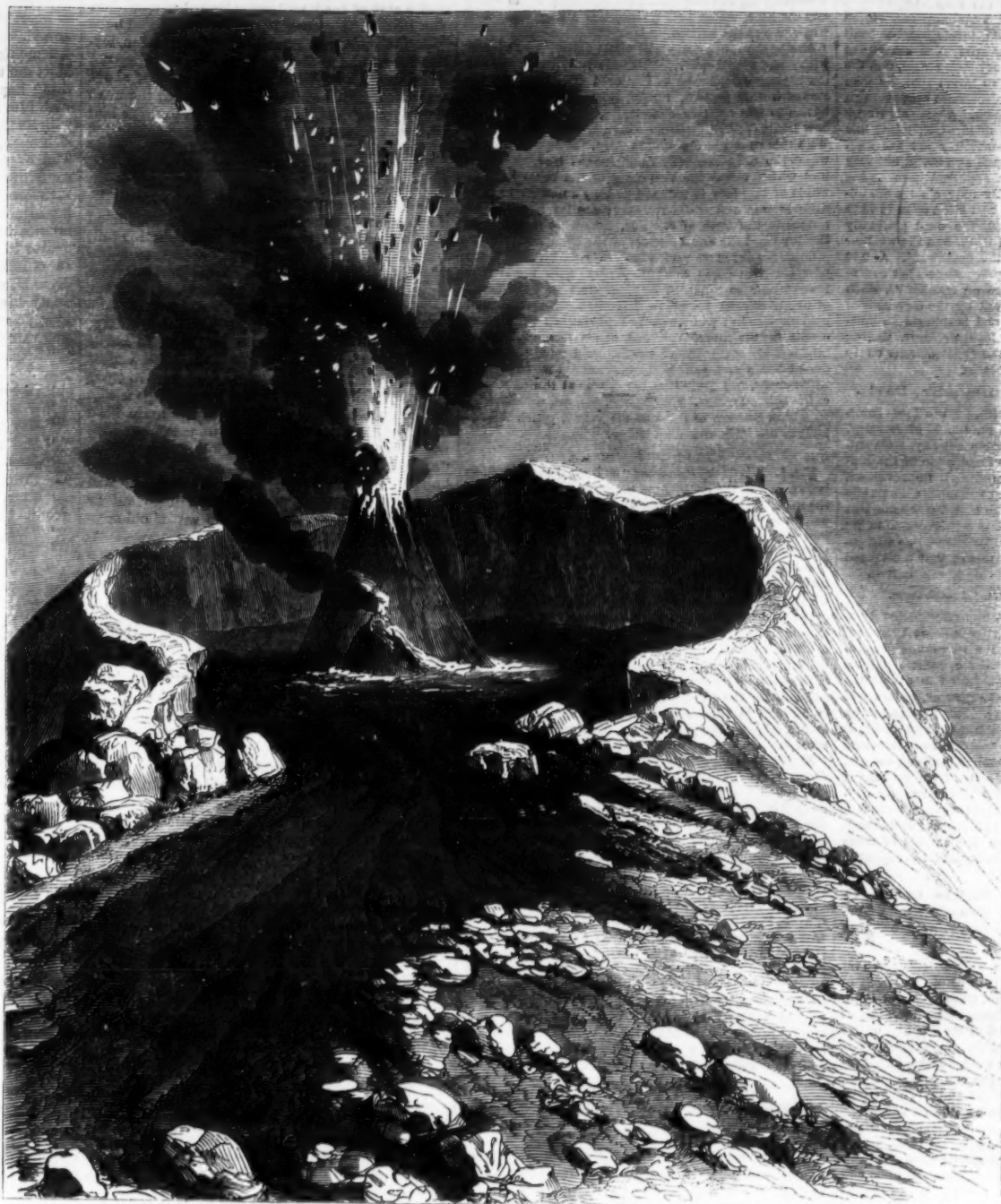
BALL TO ADMIRAL DE LA GRANDIERE, SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA.



excepting the Opera, that which holds the first place, and is most attractive to the eye. It is, indeed, the church that is best adapted to the *Chaussee-d'Antin*; graceful, elegant, with amiable and smiling aspect, with all the architectural attributes that are most grateful to the sight. In front of the finely-sculptured porch three statues stand, looking down into the crystal of the fountain, Faith, Hope and Charity, seeming to extend the peace of their smiles and the calm of their attitudes over the flowers and shrubbery of the garden. The visitor, passing the portals, embellished with purple and gold, enters the interior, represented in our engraving, and is enveloped in a warm atmosphere, in which floats a vague and pleasing incense. Golden chandeliers are suspended from the lofty dome. The floors are of oak. A broad stairway leads to the choir, above which rises the splendid altar. Numerous works of art adorn the interior; among others four sculptured allegorical designs, from the chisels of Messrs. Cavalier, Maillet, Cranok and Carpeaux, representing Justice, Strength, Prudence and Temperance. The statues of St. John, St. Luke, St. Mark and St. Matthew detach themselves from the roof at the angles of the campanile. Fine paintings, by Messrs. Levy, Delaunay, Barrias, Jobbe and Duval, enrich with glowing colors and expressive variety of features the white nakedness of the stone-work. Apart from all architectural merit, there is no church that better responds to the exigencies of modern faith. It is in complete harmony with the spirit of the times. It avoids austerity and leagues with comfort. Within those walls the mind yields to an impression of the joys and radiance of paradise.

#### Temporary Shops in Paris during the Christmas Holidays.

Every year, from the 25th of December until the 6th of January following, the municipal police authorities of Paris permit all who make application to erect, upon certain designated localities in the public thoroughfares, temporary shops for the sale of all kinds of merchandize. It might properly be called the great Parisian fair. Hundreds of shops are built along the boulevards and the large thoroughfares, and the people crowd there and make their purchases, enabling many shop-keepers, within that fortnight, to square their accounts for the year. But all these shops, constructed of materials of the



CRATER OF VESUVIUS, AFTER THE ERUPTION OF DECEMBER LAST.—SEE PAGE 326.

most various and economical character, some of canvas, some of wood, others even of paste-board, do not present a very agreeable *coup d'œil*. To remedy this defect, the authorities constructed 800 shops after a uniform model, and rented them at the rate of one franc per diem. Our engraving represents these shops as seen from the Gymnase, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, where the effect was exceedingly novel and picturesque.

#### Benediction of the Cemetery of Cholera Victims at Boghari, Algiers.

The ravages caused by the cholera in the south of the province of Algiers last summer have necessitated the establishment of a cemetery near the advanced post of Boghari. Recently occurred the benediction of this new burying-ground. Among the French dead who there sleep their last sleep is Dr. Doute, who, till the last moment, combated the scourge, and succumbed a victim to his devotion. Our engraving represents the mournful scene of this Christian ceremony upon soil long devoted to Mohammedanism.

#### H. M. S. Galatea in a Cyclone in the Indian Ocean.

On the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to Adelaide, H. M. S. Galatea, Captain H. B. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K. G., fell in with one of the violent cyclones, or revolving hurricanes, so common in those seas. On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of October, there was every indication of more than usually bad weather coming on. The wind was steady at N.N.E., the ship's course, by compass, being E. S. E., going fourteen knots, under close reefed topsails. A little before midnight a black arch squall was observed to the westward. This came up rapidly, making the sea foam and boil beneath it, and the wind was distinctly heard screaming along its path toward the ship. The helm was at once put hard up to keep her head from coming up to the wind, and the fore-yard was braced up to assist the helm; but with all these precautions, although there was no sail on the mizzenmast, the ship kept so close to the wind as to spill (or shake) her mizzen-top-sail with the mainyard square. Bearing away before the squall was therefore out of the question, as the ship had such a tendency to come up to the wind. The fore-top-sail having been clewed up to furl (owing to the force of the wind, although it could be hardly



LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.—SEE PAGE 326.



sailed, being required to keep the ship off the wind, and other important matters having been arranged, the mainyard was hoisted up, and the ship was hove to, head N.N.W., under close-reefed main-top-sail, reefed fore-sail, and fore-top-sail—the fore-topmast-stay-sail having been blown away previously. The sea was at that time one wide white sheet of hissing foam, and the ship at one time heeled over so much that the men could not keep their footing, many of them being thrown violently down into the lee scuppers. A huge sea struck the ship between the fore and mainmasts, riding in a dense mass of spray, which completely hid the foremast. The sky was not all dense and black, but very light at times, when the moon appeared between the clouds in a white misty spot. By four o'clock the following morning the barometer had risen from 29.76 to 29.14, and at eight A.M. to 29.42, the wind gradually veering from W. to W.S.W. and S.W., and the weather improving as the ship ran to the northward. At 2.50 P.M. of the 13th she was ship, and proceeded on her course for Adelaide. She arrived there on October 30, when his Royal Highness was received by the Governor of South Australia, the provincial and municipal authorities, and the people with a most loyal welcome. Having staid many days at Adelaide, the Galatea went on to Melbourne, arriving on November 30.

#### The New Market of Montmartre, Paris.

The new market of Montmartre, on the Place Saint-Pierre, Paris, was inaugurated on the 23d of January, 1863. It is another evidence of the activity, taste and liberality with which, under the inspiration of the Emperor Napoleon, the work of municipal improvement goes on in Paris. Our engraving will enable the public of New York to make a comparison between the markets of the two cities. The contrast is not favorable to the metropolis of America, for the markets of this city are certainly not remarkable for anything that a civilized community can point out with pride or satisfaction.

#### The Goose Market at Strasburg.

In the autumn of every year, upon designated days, the farmers and villagers bring their geese to market at Strasburg, from all parts of the surrounding country. For several weeks before the appointed market day the feathered bipeds are subjected to a fattening process, particularly calculated to give expansion and adipose substance to their livers. It is for this reason that the geese of Strasburg are famous, supplying, as they do, the epicure with the delicious and celebrated *paté de foie gras*, about which so much has been written, and of which so much has been eaten, from the time of Lucullus to that of the gourmands of the present day. The scene represented in our engraving is an animated one, with many elements of the grotesque; and is suggestive of hideous noises from the throats of those very demonstrative creatures that saved the capitol of Rome from the assaulting Gaul.

#### Ball Given at Saigon, Cochinchina, to Vice-Admiral de la Grandiere, Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the Province.

Our engraving represents a grand ball given at Saigon, by the merchants of that place, in honor of Vice-Admiral M. de la Grandiere, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Cochinchina. The building of the local Exposition was placed at the disposal of the committee, and was decorated with much taste. The arrival of the Governor and his suite was the signal for the festivity to begin. At supper the president proposed the health of the Governor and his charming family; he alluded to the services rendered the colony by M. de la Grandiere, dwelling upon the subject of the annexation of the three provinces of the East, a conquest effected without the shedding of a drop of blood; then turning to Madame de la Grandiere, the president congratulated her warmly upon having dared to brave the long voyage and dangers of the climate, to give to European ladies an example of courageous abnegation. Admiral de la Grandiere responded with a toast to the prosperity of the commerce of Saigon.

#### ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The present eruption of Vesuvius is of unusual extent and grandeur. On Saturday, 14th December of last year, the phenomenon commenced. The day before, it had been announced by mutterings and detonations, and by smoke that escaped from the crater in volumes more than ordinarily dense. Streams of lava soon began to mark the mantle of snow that covered the summit of the mountain. The violence of the explosions increased, and the rocks and blocks of lava could be distinctly seen projected by the volcano to a great height. On Tuesday, during the night, the spectacle was grand; torrents of cinders and sand sprang from the crater, and coursed along the sky like the fuses of artificial fireworks. The incandescent lava bathed the whole upper cone, and with crimson reflections illuminated Naples and the bay. The engraving we give has the merit of being scrupulously exact. It represents the aspect of the new crater seen from the Somma side, that is, from the only point of view where the lava was cold enough to permit an approach near enough to make the sketch. A visit to the crater has been latterly the object of every one in the vicinity. The Neapolitans, who generally leave the task to strangers, now eagerly make the ascent. The English tourists are particularly noticeable for their earnestness and curiosity. The lava streams were at one time so abundant that some calamity was feared; but the eruption became calmer, and, without ceasing to be imposing, presented at the time the drawing was made a spectacle majestic, but not appalling.

#### PARIS FASHIONS FOR 1868.

VELVET bonnets are decidedly the *mode*, and trimmed, as they mostly are, with bands, buckles and ornaments of artistic jewelry, and a single ostrich feather of the same shade of color as the velvet on the left side, they certainly present a most elegant appearance. In place of the lace veil behind, a large bow of velvet has been recently introduced, the wide ends of which, ornamented with double rows of silk fringe, fall gracefully over the chignon. The Fanchon and Trianon shapes are most in favor, and the velvet is very frequently arranged in narrow plaits, radiating from the back of the bonnet.

Velvet robes are now usually trimmed with silk fringe, and ornamented with buttons and bands of passementerie; they are still the fashionable *toilette de promenade*. In evening dress we have silks of delicate shades, either plain or figured, with corages or Marie Antoinette fashions of white lace, and at times with lace fountains. A handsome robe of this character has the jupe of pale salmon-colored poult-de-soie and a low corsage to correspond; over it is worn a second corsage of rich white lace, from which falls a kind of tunic, caught up at each side with large silk rosettes of the same shade of color as the robe. In front hangs a lace chapeleine, down the centre of which runs a band of plaited rib-

bon, terminating in a rosette similar to those which raise the sides of the lace tunic. A cincture of ribbon, fastened with a rose-shaped buckle, encircles the waist, and the jupe, which is a queue, has a deep flounce of white lace at the bottom.

Another evening dress is of white moire, figured over with small blue flowers. The jupe is a queue, and the low corsage of the robe is bordered with Valenciennes lace of Gothic pattern, turned down and open at the bosom to show a lace chemise, ornamented with a bow Louis Quinze, fastened with a rich jewel, in front. With this robe a moire sash is worn, the square ends of which are bordered with Valenciennes lace, similar to that which forms the trimming of the corsage. The whole of this lace is surmounted by a narrow band of delicate blue and white feathers; similar feathers, arranged in the form of rosettes, ornament the front of the jupe and the small sleeves of the corsage.

Coffures are more varied than ever, and attempts are now being made to combine flowers with the artistic jewelry now so much in fashion; thus we have bands of poppy-colored velvet, ornamented with steel and gold circlets and pendants, and having on the side an orchid in the midst of a tuft of small roses. Other coffures are composed of twisted gold fringe and turquoise beads and pendants, interwoven with puffs of white crape, and having golden acorns at the extremity of the twisted fringe. Gold combs, too, are ornamented with long clusters of lilies of the valley, which fall behind in the form of a deep fringe.

#### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Toilette de Promenade à Deux Jupes*, in deep brown velvet, the lower jupe touching the ground and the upper one open part way up the sides, with a short pailot to correspond, both being bordered with scallops of brown velvet, and trimmed at the openings with buttons and bands of passementerie. The bonnet is of blue velvet, with strings to match, and has a black lace veil falling over the chignon.

Fig. 2, which is likewise a walking, or, more properly speaking, a visiting costume, has the robe of warm brown satin, over which is worn a velvet cascade of the same tint, made short in front, and with a long train behind. This cascade is bordered with a broad band of feathers, and narrower bands ornament the shoulders and cuffs of the tight-fitting sleeves. The chapeau, of black lace, is trimmed with a wreath of violet velvet leaves, edged with gold thread, and with violet satin strings.

Fig. 3. *Toilette de Diner*.—The jupe of clear gray poult-de-soie; the low corsage of white tulle, made with gathers, and having beneath it a high corsage with long sleeves of cerise tulle, bordered with white lace. At the elbows are puffs of white tulle, wide corselet sash in cerise tulle, fastened with large rosette, from beneath which the short ends fall down at the left side. Coffure of cerise ribbon tied in a bow at the right side of the head.

Fig. 4. *Toilette de Soirée*.—Robe of white embroidered muslin, bordered with lace, made short in front, and with a long train behind, and worn over a rose-colored tulle jupe, trimmed at the lower part with a double pink ruche. The low corsage of the robe is tight at the waist, and has short rounded basques in front and very long basques behind, bordered with a ruche of rose-colored tulle, finishing with rosettes at the sides. A similar ruche passes round the upper part of the corsage and over the short puffed muslin sleeves. The coffure is composed of a tuft of pink flowers.

#### A Story of Some Worthless Land.

##### CHAPTER I.—FATHER AND SON.

"MOTT, my boy, I am glad that you take so cheerful a view of it, but I am too old to start again. We can hold our heads up, though, for I have paid every dollar. The money is gone and the business is gone, but there was no failure, and no dishonor to our name."

"But what will you do, father? You can't live on the interest of ten thousand dollars, even with me off your hands."

"Perhaps not, my boy; but, then, there's the Jersey farm. I am going to retire upon that; it's big enough."

"A parcel of worthless wilderness, rocks, sand, trees, brush. You can't do much with that, unless you take to raising goats and rabbits."

"But there's eight hundred acres of it, and there would be more if it was only spread out."

"But it ain't spread, and you can't spread it." And Mott Van Brunt paced to and fro in a fever of disgust at the idea of his noble old father settling down in such a place in his old age.

"But, my boy, there's quite a patch that will grow something, and I can make out to live till you return."

"But you will be so lonely!"

"I shall have my books and old Martha for company, and it's only two hours by rail from the city."

The discussion that followed was too long to report, but it ended, as usual, by old Van Brunt having his way. The Jersey farm was truly a wild and lonely place, but the proud old merchant was a trifle soured by his reverses, and he liked the idea of getting as much out of sight as possible.

This was in 1861, and it was by the crash of that spring, for he had been largely in the Southern trade, that Mr. Van Brunt had lost his ample fortune. Mott was his only son, a fine, manly fellow of twenty, just returned from a German university, to find himself a poor man by necessity and a soldier by choice. The shoulder-straps of his new commission as captain were already on his shoulders. According to their ideas, his father was quietly accepting a condition the next door to poverty, but there seemed no help for it.

"And now, Mott, what will Miss Agnes and her stiff old father say to all this? Won't it make a change in that quarter?"

Mott colored deeply, and for a moment he was silent.

"I shall soon know, father, for I am going there this evening."

"Well, we will see if a penniless captain of volunteers is the same man in their eyes as the young millionaire."

It was perhaps a trifle unkind in the sore-minded old man to stir up suspicion in the sensitive mind of the proud young soldier, and the results were none of the best.

Mott left the stately old mansion, which was to be no longer his own, with a sort of jealous something swelling in his heart, which quite fitted him for prompt perception of anything like a "snub."

##### CHAPTER II.—THE YOUNG LADY AND HER FATHER.

THERE had not been exactly an engagement, only a sort of tacit understanding, between Mott Van Brunt and Agnes Portland, but it had been so good an understanding that all the world understood it as well as they did.

She was a sweet but spirited blonde of about seventeen, with beauty enough to turn the head of any young man, and pride enough to make him all sorts of trouble after she had done so.

The lights were blaring from the windows of the tall "brown stone front" when Mott arrived, and he, to his great disappointment, discovered that it was a "company evening." He had known it well enough, and his cards might have reminded him, but his heart and head had been too full, and it had escaped him. Still he determined to go on. Perhaps this would be his best occasion for solving the doubts that arose in his mind as he recalled the words of his father.

It was by no means late, rather the contrary, but dancing had commenced, and the fair Agnes was already engaged "three deep" when Mott Van Brunt was announced. He happened to come in between the sets, and found his way to her side with a degree of precipitation which more than indicated the state of his mind upon the one idea which had taken possession of him. His father's financial misfortunes were already generally known, and his highly honorable conduct had been the subject of more than a little eulogy among the stiff but right-minded set of old mortals to which Mr. Portland and himself belonged. Mott could not know this, however, and he was wearing his heart, that night, with the sore side up.

Agnes was sorry for him, and was, moreover, a trifle embarrassed how to meet him, or what to say to him. The sight of his uniform, too, told her still further news, and who shall blame her if her pretty face was grave, her manner a little constrained before so many, and that if, in the effort to retain her composure and control her voice, she put on what struck upon her sensitive lover with an icy chill? She was not cold, she did not mean to be, but to him she certainly seemed so, and all the pride of the Van Brunts was on fire in a moment.

"Father was right," he said to himself, and at once his manner became more than her own.

They were just struggling with a few common-places, and if Mott could have had a minute longer to note the changing color and moistening eyes of his mistress, all might yet have been well, but luck was against him, for just then her father's voice broke in with:

"Aggie, my dear, they are waiting for you."

And her hand was hurriedly claimed for that set by somebody or other, she could hardly tell who, and she was whirled away.

"Ah! in uniform?" continued the old gentleman. "I see patriotism and all that, and captain to start with. Well, Captain Van Brunt, when do you leave us?"

Again Mott said to himself, "It used to be 'my dear Mott,'" but he answered aloud,

"I start for the front to-morrow, Mr. Portland; this is my last evening in New York."

"But what will your father do without you, now—now—"

"Now he is poor? He says he is not yet too poor to give his son to his country. He does not owe a dollar in the world, but he owes his country all that he has left. We shall be able to take care of ourselves, I think."

Old Mr. Portland hummed and hawed; he wanted to make a proffer of assistance, he wanted to say something handsome, but a nice old lady of their acquaintance spoilt all that by volubly but patriotically forcing herself into the conversation. By the time Mr. Portland could get away from his duties to his other guests to make a second attempt, Mott was nowhere to be found.

"Aggie, my dear," said he, as they met in a somewhat retired corner, "what has become of Mott? I am afraid he has gone home."

"Gone home!"

"Yes; and he is to start for the front to-morrow."

"Oh, father!"

"I'm afraid I did or said something that hurt him."

"Oh, dear, I hope not!"

"What did you say to him?"

"I? Why—oh, dear me! I did not half speak to him, I was so worried. I know he thought me strange. And then you, too! What will he think of us—what shall I do?"

"It is certainly unfortunate. I don't want old Van Brunt to think me as mean as that. Why, he settled to the last cent like an honest old fellow, as he is, and I always liked Mott."

There seemed to be no help for it; and when Mr. Portland went to see his old friend the next day, he was not to be found; father and son had gone, each his own way.

Many and bitter were the tears that fell from the pretty blue eyes of Agnes, and more than once during these eventful years her cheeks grew terribly pale as she combed the list of the wounded in the reports of the great battles, for after Mott was once "at the front," he staid there, and he had his full share of the luck that came to those who did so.

One thing more he did with the most filial punctuality, often at the expense of his own ease and comfort: one-half of his pay was sent as regularly as might be to strengthen the hands of his father in his hard battle with the good-for-nothing acres upon which he had hidden himself. The money did good, but as not a dollar of it was ever spent, the good was at first only to the heart of the lonely but loving old father.

##### CHAPTER III.—THE WORTHLESS LAND.

HILLS, covered with dense forest and seamed with wild ravines, and a broad waste of white sand, covered by a thin sod or supporting forlorn-looking crops, with a picturesque but rambling old farm-house nestled at the foot of the tallest hill,

this was the character of Van Brunt's Jersey farm, and here he strove, in desperate diligence, to forget his lost importance, alternately weeping or hurrahing, as Mott's letters announced a defeat or a victory, a wound or a promotion.

Time fled, and the old man knew very well why Mott did not take any furlough, and at least something happened which made him almost cease to wish him to do so. It happened thus—1863 came, with its floods of money and its swarms of suddenly rich men, and its swelling tide of speculation. The overcrowded city overflowed upon the surrounding country faster than ever. Keen-eyed men were exploring all the region round about for investments, and certain improvements in rail communications had brought the Jersey farm still nearer to the great centre. And so, one morning, as old Mr. Van Brunt, secdly and carelessly dressed, was trotting his fat little pony along the dusty highway, he overheard a conversation between a couple of gentlemen in a wagon that he was vainly trying to pass.

"Splendid! The finest location we have seen yet."

"Picturesque!"

"What building sites for villas!"

"Worth five hundred an acre, every acre of it."

"And I'll bet we can get it for a song."

"Some old Dutchman owns it, of course. They're keen on a trade, though."

"I say, can you tell us who owns that tract of ground?"

"I believe the Van Brunts do."

"Who are they, and where can we find them?"

"Well, old Van Brunt lives over yonder, but the young fellow's in the army."

"Is the old man sharp?"

"No; he's a regular old fool. Don't know the value of anything."

"Thank you; I guess we had better pay him a visit."

"Very well, tell him I sent you."

"I will; what's your name?"

"My name? Oh, my name's Van Brunt, and I live over yonder."

It would have taken a fast horse to have passed that buggy for a mile or two, but old Van Brunt let his pony walk, and fell into a brown study. If all this was true, and he was half inclined to believe that it was, it was time he was at work. Mott need not be a poor man, after all, when he came back from the army. The season was getting late, to be sure, but a good deal could be done, even in winter, in the way of planning and laying out, and even in actual work. But for that and many other things he would need money, and he had but little. Still, he would do what he could with that. Instead of leaving the remnants of his fortune at interest, as Mott imagined, the distrustful old man had turned it all into gold, and carried it into the country with him. There was about twelve thousand dollars of it, but when he came to use it, to his utter astonishment, it swelled to over twenty-five. Gold had been growing, and old Van Brunt rubbed his eyes like Rip Van Winkle. None the less energetically did he set to work with his plans—his avenues, his locations, his views, his improvements of all kinds. When spring came, many a prowling speculator was astonished at the change which became manifest. Purchasers began to come more and more frequently to the rambling old farm-house. Money was too easily won in those days for men to care much what they paid for a fancy article. The old man's dream began to be realized. His confidence in men and things, especially in Government bonds, began to revive, and he built a handsome villa of his own, much to the delight of his faithful old servant Martha. There was so much riding around to do that the pony was not very fat that year, nor the next.

Then came the close of the war; but not until the regiment of which he was now colonel was disbanded did Mott Van Brunt turn his face homeward. When he did so he took with him the stars of a brevet-brigadier; but he also took a pair of crutches, for though not actually crippled, he had been badly battered, and was still suffering. As yet he knew nothing about the changes at the farm, and his heart was heavy within him at the thought of becoming, even temporarily, a burden upon his poor old father.

The record of that poor skeleton of a regiment, a mere handful now, had been narrowly watched by bright eyes throughout its course, and they had not failed to take note of its probable arrival in the city, for all who were left came home together.

##### CHAPTER IV.—HOW THE REST OF IT HAPPENED.

THE day of triumphant receptions was over, but friends were waiting at the ferry for almost all of them but Mott, and his heart grew heavier and heavier. He had not forgotten anything, however, and, like a weak and used-up fellow as he was, he determined to take one more look at her house before he too buried himself in the solitude of the Jersey farm. It was not far from the hotel, and he hobbled along on his crutches.

By some strange accident Aggie sat at her front window that afternoon. It was dull and rainy, and she was gazing into the street, thinking—oh, so sadly!—of "what might have been," when, from her shelter behind the lace curtain, she caught sight of a white and troubled face looking up at the house. The head sank with a despairing shake, and the gazer was turning away. Aggie put her hand upon her heart for a moment, and then bounded from her hiding-place, out at the front door, down the steps. Oh, the inconsiderate girl! Her hand was on his shoulder, and the rain was falling on her bright curls.

"Oh, Mott! Mott!"

"Aggie, can this be you?"

But the touch of that little hand had been too much for him, and the gallant general fell in a dead faint. The next morning his father received the following note:

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—Your brave son—and



I hope he will soon be mine—in at my house, but is too weak to be moved. You will have to come in here to see him. Your room is ready for you. In haste. Yours truly,

"JOHN PORTLAND."

"At old John Portland's?" exclaimed Van Brunt, in half angry amazement. "Well, I'll get him out of that quick! He need not owe them anything!"

But when the old gentleman was shown into the room where his son was lying, and when he had in a measure recovered from his half insane joy at meeting his cherished idol, it was hard for him to refuse the proffered hand of his old friend, or to frown in the blushing face of the fair Agnes. His heart was not so sore as it had been, and he was beginning to melt.

Mott's own face clouded a little, for he had more than a little to struggle with in his own proud heart; but his father brought him an unexpected relief by bluntly exclaiming:

"Well, I'm glad of it—for Mott's sake—but I want you to understand, John Portland, that my boy is no pauper. I can put down a cool quarter for him the day he is married, and it's all come out of that worthless land in Jersey."

### A Balloon Adventure.

On the 11th of April, 1862, at five o'clock, an event at once amusing and thrilling occurred at our quarters. The Commander-in-Chief had appointed his personal and confidential friend, General Fitz-John Porter, to conduct the siege of Yorktown. Porter was a polite, soldierly gentleman, and a native of New Hampshire, who had been in the regular army since early manhood. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, being thrice promoted and once seriously wounded, and he was now forty years of age, handsome, enthusiastic, ambitious and popular. He made frequent ascensions with Lowe, and learned to go aloft alone. One day he ascended thrice, and finally seemed as cozily at home in the firmament as upon the solid earth. It is needless to say that he grew careless, and on this particular morning leaped into the car and demanded the cables to be let out with all speed. I saw with some surprise that the hurried assistants were sending up the great straining canvas with a single rope attached. The enormous bag was only partially inflated, and the loose folds opened and shut with a crack like that of a musket. Noisily, fitfully, the yellow mass rose into the sky, the basket rocking like a feather in the zephyr; and just as I turned aside to speak to a comrade, a sound came from overhead, like the explosion of a shell, and something striking me across the face laid me flat upon the ground.

Half blind and stunned, I staggered to my feet, but the air seemed full of cries and curses. Opening my eyes ruefully, I saw all faces turned upward, and when I looked above—the balloon was adrift.

The treacherous cable, rotted with vitriol, had snapped in twain; one fragment had been the cause of my downfall, and the other trailed, like a great entrail, from the receding car, where Fitz-John Porter was bounding upward upon a Pegasus that he could neither check nor direct.

The whole army was agitated by the unwonted occurrence. From Battery No. 1, on the brink of the York, to the mouth of Warwick river, every soldier and officer was absorbed. Far within the Confederate lines the confusion extended. We heard the enemy's alarm-guns, and directly the signal-flags were waving up and down our front.

The general appeared directly over the edge of the car. He was tossing his hands frightenedly, and shouting something we could not comprehend.

"O—pen—the—valve!" called Lowe, in his shrill tones. "Climb—to—the—netting—and—reach—the—valve—rope!"

"The valve! the valve!" repeated a multitude of tongues, and all gazed with thrilling interest at the retreating hulk that still kept straight upward, swerving neither to the east nor the west.

It was a weird spectacle, that frail, fading oval, gliding against the sky, floating in the serene azure, the little vessel swinging silently beneath, and a hundred thousand martial men watching the loss of their brother in arms, but powerless to relieve or recover him. Had Fitz-John Porter been drifting down the rapids of Niagara, he could not have been so far from human assistance. But we saw him directly, no bigger than a child's toy, clambering up the netting and reaching for the cord.

"He can't do it," muttered a man beside me; "the wind blows the valve-rope to and fro, and only a spry, cool-headed fellow can catch it."

We saw the general descend, and appearing again over the edge of the basket, he seemed to be motioning to the breathless hordes below the story of his failure. Then he dropped out of sight, and when we next saw him he was reconnoitering the Confederate works through a long black spy-glass. A great laugh went up and down the lines as this cool procedure was observed, and then a cheer of applause ran from group to group. For a moment it was doubtful that the balloon would float in either direction; it seemed to falter, like an irresolute being, and moved reluctantly south-eastward, toward Fortress Monroe. A breeze, half uttered, trembled on every lip. All eyes glistened, and some were dim with tears of joy. But the wayward canvas now turned due westward, and was blown rapidly toward the Confederate works. Its course was fitfully direct, and the wind seemed to veer often, as if contrary currents, conscious of the opportunity, were struggling for the possession of the daring navigator.

The south wind held mastery for a while, and the balloon passed the Federal front amid a howl of despair from the soldiery. It kept right on, over sharpshooters, rifle-pits, and outworks, and finally passed, as if to deliver up its freight,

directly over the heights of Yorktown. The cool courage, either of heroism or despair, had seized upon Fitz-John Porter. He turned his black glass upon the ramparts and masked cannon below, upon the remote camps, upon the beleaguered town, upon the guns of Gloucester Point, and upon distant Norfolk. Had he been reconnoitering from a secure perch at the tip of the moon, he could not have been more vigilant, and the Confederates probably thought this some Yankee device to peer into their sanctuary in despite of ball or shell. None of their great guns could be brought to bear upon the balloon; but there were some discharges of musketry that appeared to have no effect, and finally even these demonstrations ceased. Both armies in solemn silence were gazing aloft, while the imperturbable mariner continued to spy out the land.

The sun was now rising behind us, and roseate rays struggled up to the zenith, like the arcs made by shovelry bombs. They threw a hazy atmosphere upon the balloon, and light shone through the network like the sun through the ribs of the skeleton ship in the "Ancient Mariner." Then, as all looked agape, the air-craft "plunged, and tacked, and veered," and drifted rapidly toward the Federal lines again.

The alleluiah that now went up shook the spheres, and when he had regained our camp limits, the general was seen clambering up again to clutch the valve-rope. This time he was successful, and the balloon fell like a stone, so that all hearts once more leaped up, and the cheers were hushed. Cavalry rode pell-mell from several directions, to reach the place of descent, and the general's personal staff galloped past me like the wind, to be the first at his debarkation. I followed the throng of soldiery with due haste, and came up to the horsemen in a few minutes. The balloon had struck a canvas tent with great violence, felling it as if by a bolt, and the general, unharmed, had disentangled himself from innumerable folds of oiled canvas, and was now the cynosure of an immense group of people. While the officers shook his hands, the rabble bawled their satisfaction in hurrahs, and a band of music marching up directly, the throng of foot and horse gave him a vociferous escort to his quarters.

While the siege of Yorktown was progressing, I had no opportunity to ascend with the "professor," for telegraphers and staff officers were constantly aloft. They appeared to be delighted with the accuracy of their reconnoissances; but, strangely enough, none of them detected the evacuation of the place, though it was going on in broad daylight for nearly a week. In the same way they failed to mark the retirement from Manassas; and, so far as we may reason from the results, the balloon has availed nothing in the great exigencies of the war.

Rambling for a day over the deserted entrenchments, and spending a week at Williamsburg, I again rejoined the balloon corps at "White House," and made my first ascension from the river side, five miles east of Richmond in the middle of May.

We found the balloon, already partially inflated, resting behind a plowed hill that formed one of a ridge or chain of hills, bordering the Chickahominy. The stream was only a half-mile distant, but the balloon was sheltered from observation by reason of its position in the hollow.

Heretofore the ascensions had been made from remote places, for there was good reason to believe that batteries lined the opposite hills; but now for the first time, Lowe intended to make an ascent whereby he could look into Richmond, count the forts encircling it, and note the number and position of the camps that intervened. The balloon was named the "Constitution," and looked like a semi-distended boa-constrictor, as it flapped with a jerking sound, and shook its oiled and painted folds. It was anchored to the ground by stout ropes affixed to stakes, and also by sandbags which hooked to its netting. The basket lay alongside; the generators were contained in blue wooden wagons, marked "U. S.," and the gas was fed to the balloon through rubber and metallic pipes. A tent or two, a quantity of vitriol in green and wicker carboys, some horses and transportation teams, and several men that assisted the inflation, were the only objects to be remarked. As some time was to transpire before the arrangements were completed, I resorted to one of the tents and took a comfortable nap. The "professor" aroused me at three o'clock, when I found the canvas straining its bonds, and emitting a hollow sound, as of escaping gas. The basket was made fast directly, the telescopes tossed into place; the professor climbed to the side, holding by the network; and I coiled up in a rope at the bottom.

"Stand by your cables," he said, and the bags of ballast were at once cut away.

Twelve men took each a rope in hand, and played out slowly, letting us glide gently upward. The earth seemed to be falling away, and we poised motionless in the blue ether. The treetops sank downward, the hills dropped noiselessly through space, and directly the Chickahominy was visible beyond us, winding like a ribbon of silver through the risky landscape.

Far and wide stretched the Federal camps. We saw faces turned upward gazing at our ascent, and heard clearly, as in a vacuum, the voices of soldiers. At every second the prospect widened, the belt of horizon enlarged, remote farm-houses came in view; the earth was like a perfectly flat surface, painted with blue woods, and streaked with pictures of roofs, fields, fences, and streams. As we climbed higher, the river seemed directly beneath us, the farms on the opposite bank was plainly discernible, and Richmond lay only a little way off, enthroned on its mapy hills, with the James stretching white and sinuous from its feet to the horizon. We could see the streets, the suburbs, the bridges, the outlying roads, nay, the moving masses of people.

The Capitol sat white and colossal on Shockoe Hill, the dingy buildings of the Tredegar works

blackened the river-side above, the hovels of Rockets clustered at the hither limits, and one by one we made out familiar hotels, public edifices, and vicinities. The fortifications were revealed in part only, for they took the hue of the soil, and blended with it; but many camps were plainly discernible, and by means of the glasses we separated tent from tent, and hut from hut. The Confederates were seen running to the cover of woods, that we might not discover their numbers, but we knew the location of their camp fires by the smoke that curled toward us.

A panorama so beautiful would have been rare at any time, but this was thrice interesting from its past and coming associations. Across those plains the hordes at our feet were either to advance victoriously, or be driven eastward with dusty banners and dripping hands. Those white farmhouses were to be receptacles for the groaning and the mangled; thousands were to be received beneath the turf of those pasture fields; and no rod of ground on either side, should not, sooner or later, smoke with the blood of the slain.

"Guess I got 'em now, jest where I want 'em," said Lowe, with a gratified laugh; "jest keep still as you mind to, and squint your eye through my glass, while I make a sketch of the roads and the country. Hold hard there, and anchor fast!" he screamed to the people below. Then he fell imperturbably to work, sweeping the country with his hawk-eye, and escaping nothing that could contribute to the completeness of his jotting.

We had been but a few minutes thus poised, when close below, from the edge of a timber stretch, puffed a volume of white smoke. A second afterward the air quivered with the peal of a cannon. A third, and we heard the splitting shriek of a shell, that passed a little to our left, but in exact range, and burst beyond us in the plowed field, heaving up the clay as it exploded.

"Ha!" said Lowe, "they have got us foul! Haul in the cables—quick!" he shouted, in a fierce tone.

At the same instant, the puff, the report, and the shriek were repeated; but this time the shell burst to our right in mid-air, and scattered fragments around and below us.

"Another shot will do our business," said Lowe between his teeth; "it isn't a mile, and they have got the range."

Again the puff and the whizzing shock. I closed my eyes, and held my breath hard. The explosion was so close, that the pieces of shell seemed driven across my face, and my ears quivered with the sound. I looked at Lowe to see if he was struck. He had sprung to his feet, and clutched the cordage frantically.

"Are you pulling in there, you men?" he belted, with a loud imprecation.

"Puff! bang! whizz-z-z-z! splutter!" broke a third shell, and my heart was wedged in my throat.

I saw at a glimpse the whole bright landscape again. I heard the voices of soldiers below, and saw them running across fields, fences, and ditches, to reach our anchorage. I saw some drummer boys digging in the field beneath for one of the buried shells. I saw the waving of signal flags, the commotion through the camps—officers galloping their horses, teamsters whipping their mules, regiments turning out, drums beaten, and batteries limbered up. I remarked, last of all, the sight of the battery that alarmed us, and, by a strange sharpness of sight and sense, believed that I saw the gunners swabbing, ramming, and aiming the pieces.

"Puff! bang! whizz-z-z-z! splutter! crash!"

"Puff! bang! whizz-z-z-z! splutter! crash!"

"My God!" said Lowe, hissing the words slowly and terribly, "they have opened upon us from another battery!"

The scene seemed to dissolve. A cold dew broke from my forehead. I grew blind and deaf. I had fainted.

"Pitch some water in his face," said somebody. "He ain't used to it. Hello! there he comes to."

I staggered to my feet. There must have been a thousand men about us. They were looking curiously at the aeronaut and me. The balloon lay fuming and struggling on the clouds.

"Three cheers for the Union balloon!" called a little fellow at my side.

"Hip, hip—hoorooar! hoorooar! hoorooar!"

"Tiger-r—yah! whoop!"

The balloons were prominent features of the two terrible months ensuing, and during the battles of Hanover, Seven Pines, and the bloody six days' struggles before Richmond, they were invariably aloft. Lowe seldom made ascensions on windy days, but in the dead June calms of that almost tropical climate he had opportunities for safe and frequent reconnoissances. Mr. Fox, of the *Poppus*, one day transcended his powers by publishing a minute description of the Federal position as seen from this exalted point, and the commanding general forbade the balloon to correspondents thereafter. So we were obliged to receive our information second-rate from the lips of the "Professor," and Fox, having no more imagination than old Joe Willet, fell sadly short in his reports. Some of us were not so dismayed, and the correspondent of the *Herald*, having a fertile fancy, professed to have looked into the Gulf of Mexico, and solved the mystery of the whereabouts of Beauregard.

On the 27th of June, during the contest of Gaines' Mill, Lowe invited me to make a second ascension. It was five o'clock when we felt ourselves again clear of the ground, and as the hottest episode of the fight was now occurring, I anticipated a splendid prospect. A wood grew in the bed and on the border of the Chickahominy, and a hill on the other side hid the combatants from view until we had ascended two thousand feet or more. At length I could look over the crest of the hill, and as if I had looked into the crater of a volcano, or down the fabled abyss into

hell, the whole grand horror of a battle burst upon my sight.

For a moment I could neither feel nor think. I scarcely beheld, or beholding, did not perceive or comprehend. Only the roar of guns; the blaze that flashed along a zigzag line, and was straightway smothered in smoke; the creek lying glassily beneath me; the gathering twilight, and the brownish blue of woods. I only knew that some thousands of fiends were playing with fire, and tossing brands at heaven—that some pleasant dells, slopes, and highlands were lit, as if the conflagration of a universe had commenced. A passage of Holy Writ comes to mind as I write, which explains the sensations of the time better than I can do:

"He opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth."—Rev. ix. 2, 3.

In a few minutes, when I was able to compose myself, the veil of cloud blew away or dissolved, and I could see fragments of the long columns of infantry. From the far end of the lines puffed smoke, and from man to man the puff ran down each line, enveloping the columns again, so that they were alternately visible and invisible. At points between the masses of infantry, lay field-pieces throbbing with rapid deliveries, and emitting volumes of white steam. Now and then the firing slackened for a short time, when I could remark the Federal line, fringed with bayonets, stretching from the low meadow on the left, up the slope, over the ridge, and along the crest, till its right disappeared in the gloaming of wood and distance. Standards flapped here and there above the column, and I knew, from the fact that the line became momentarily more distinct, that the Federals were falling stubbornly back. At times a battery would dash a hundred yards forward, unlimber, and fire a score of times, and would directly return two hundred yards and blaze again. I saw a regiment of lancers gather at the foot of a protecting swell of field. The bugle ran thrice; the red pennons went upward like so many song-birds; the dark mass turned the crest and disappeared; then the whole artillery belched and belowed. In twenty minutes a broken, discomfited party of horsemen returned; the pennons still fluttered, but I knew that they were redder for the blood that dyed them. Suddenly a column shot up from the long sweep of abandoned hill, with batteries on their left and right. Their muskets were turned toward us, a crash and a whiff of smoke swept from flank to flank, and the air rained buck, slug, bullet and ball.

The incidents that now occurred in rapid succession were so thrilling and absorbing, that solicitude was lost in their grandeur. I sat like one dumb, with my soul in my eyes and my ears stunned, watching the column of Confederates. Each party was now straining every energy—the one for victory, the other against annihilation. The darkness was closing in, and neither cared to prolong the contest after night. The Confederates, therefore, aimed to finish their success with the rout or capture of the Federals, and the Federals to maintain their ground till nightfall. The musketry was close, accurate and uninterrupted. Every second was marked by a discharge—the one firing, the other replying promptly. No attempt was made to remove the wounded. The coolness of the fight had gone by, and we witnessed only its fury. The stragglers seemed to appreciate the desperate emergency, and came voluntarily back to relieve their comrades. The cavalry was massed and collected for another grand charge. Like a black shadow gliding up the darkening hill-side, they precipitated themselves upon the columns. The musketry ceased for a time, and shrieks, steel strokes, the crack of revolvers and carbines succeeded. Sullen, shattered, humiliated, the horse wheeled and returned. Then the guns thundered again, and by the blaze of the pieces the clouds and turf were revealed fitfully, strewn with men and horses.

"They are fixing bayonets for a charge," said Lowe. "My God! see them come down the hill!"

In the gathering gloom, through the thick smoke, I saw, or seemed to see, the interminable column roll steadily downward. I fancied that I beheld great gaps cut in their ranks, but closing solidly up like the imperishable monster. The descent and bottom below me were now all ablaze, and directly above the din I heard a great cheer, as of some salvation achieved.

That night the army crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy, and the balloon corps fell in with the line of teams next day, all pushing toward the James. No other ascensions were made till we halted at Harrison's Bar, and in a few weeks more the Peninsula was vacated by the whole army.

AN AZTEC CITY.—A correspondent, writing from Santa Fe, New Mexico, furnishes some curious and interesting facts in relation to a place situated about twelve miles from that city, where an Aztec town of considerable extent once existed. The foundations of many of the houses are yet visible, and the boundaries of the plaza or public square can be traced by them. One of the reservoirs is in a good state of preservation and a good portion of another. The ground on the site of the town and its immediate vicinity is thickly strewn with pieces of crockery. No tradition exists among the present generation of Pueblo Indians regarding this town, but it was undoubtedly one of the ancient Aztec cities. Similar ruins exist in many other portions of New Mexico, the most extensive being those of Gran Quivira, where, from the evidences that yet exist, the city must have been several miles in circumference. The undoubted descendants of the people who occupied these great towns and cities are the Pueblo or village Indians, who number about 7,000 souls in New Mexico, and inhabit some seventeen villages within the limits of the territory. These Indians are industrious, frugal, honest and virtuous, and though professing the Roman Catholic as their religion, mix with it many of their ancient rites and superstitions. They still look for the second coming of Montezuma.





MASONIC SKATING FESTIVAL, AT OATMAN'S FIFTH AVENUE POND.

#### Masonic Skating Festival—Singular Effects of Calcium Lights.

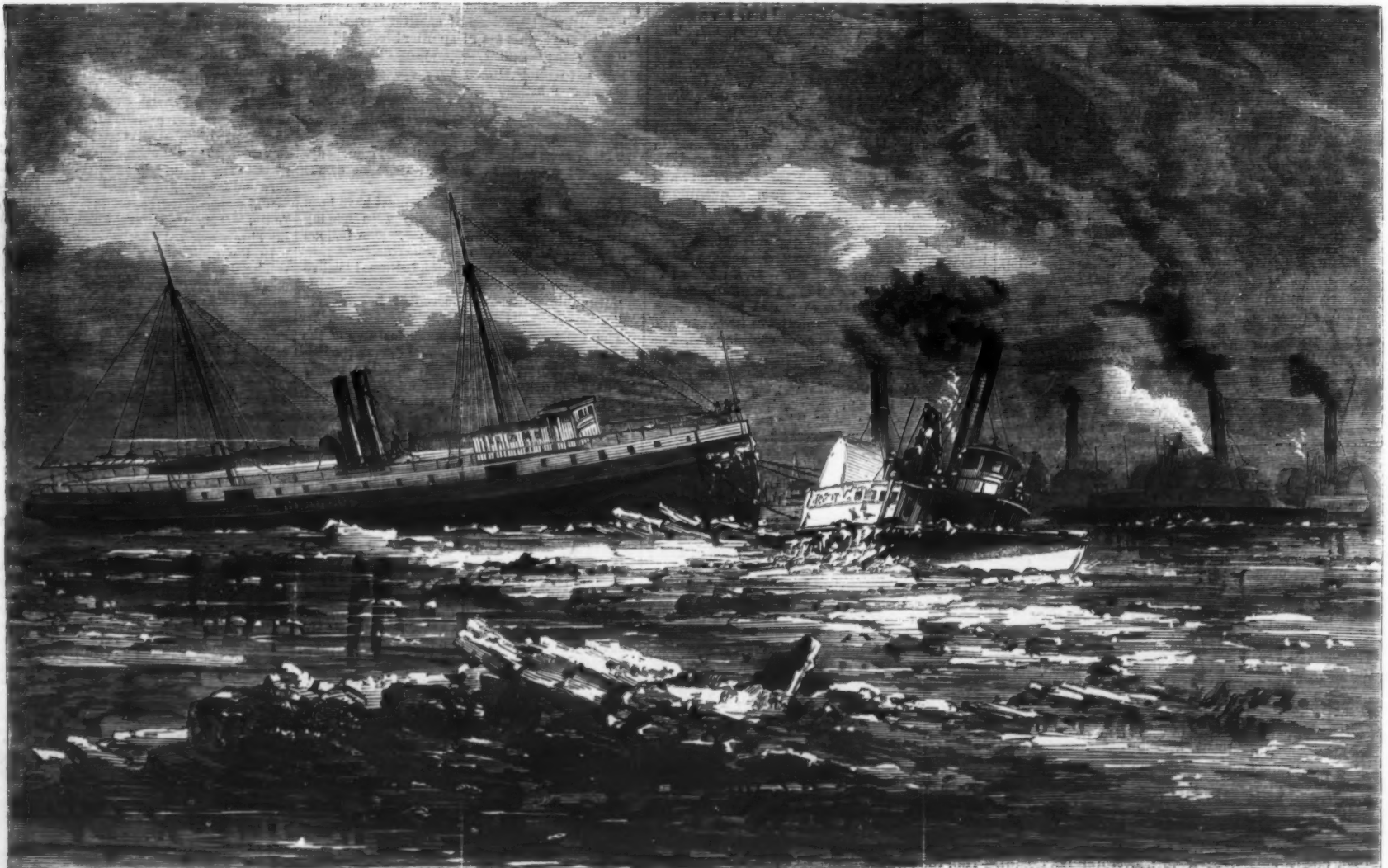
THE Masonic Skating Match and Fancy Dress Carnival on Major Oatman's Fifth Avenue Pond, on Friday, 17th ult., afforded a very pleasant entertainment to those present. The festival was gotten up under the auspices of Continental Lodge, No. 287, F. and A. M., for the benefit of the Masonic School and Asy-

lum Fund, the use of the rink having been tendered by the proprietor free of charge. A novel and pleasing effect was produced by the calcium and Chinese lights with which the pond was illuminated. At times as the powerful rays fell upon the forms of the skaters, the long shadows would mingle and cross each other in curious and fantastic irregularity. The scene, as represented in our engraving, was highly picturesque, and was evidently much admired and enjoyed by the skaters and spectators.

#### Obstructions at Hell Gate—The Steamer Glaucus Ashore.

THE story of Hell Gate has been told so frequently, that there is a tendency in the public mind to allow the eye to pass over any mention of the name without exciting comment. The dangers of this well-known locality have long ago been brought before our citizens through the medium of public meetings and

mercantile investigations, and by the earnestness displayed at such times, many have been led to believe that measures would be promptly taken to abate the nuisance; but the obstruction still exists—a terror to navigators, and a disgrace to the chief commercial city of the continent. To say the least, the channel is a most dangerous one under the most favorable circumstances; but at the present season, when the river is filled with floating ice, the perils of navigation are in



PROPELLER GLAUCUS ON THE ROCKS AT HELL GATE.



SCENE FROM THE SPECTACLE OF THE "WHITE FAWN" NOW PERFORMING AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 330.





creased fully tenfold. But a week ago, several vessels were drawn into its destructive embrace, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and a vast expenditure of money they escaped a total wreck. The propeller *Glaucus*, running between Boston and New York, in endeavoring to make her way through the channel by Hallett's Point, was struck by a heavy mass of ice and forced on the Gridiron Rock. W. P. Clyde, General Agent of the Metropolitan S. S. Co., employed several tugboats to haul the *Glaucus* from the rocks, and at the expiration of some seventy-two hours, succeeded in extricating the vessel from her perilous situation. In view of the great amount of ice about the Gate, it is a subject of wonder that the vessel sustained no serious injuries. The current at that particular point is exceedingly swift, and the ice, in the form of extensive cakes and huge pyramids, rushes along with a deafening roar, and piles itself in a myriad of forms upon the many rocks, whose surface can scarcely be distinguished.

The subject has frequently been brought to the notice of the State and National Governments, but with no satisfactory results. It is clearly the duty of the Central Government to have this outrageous obstruction removed; but if no immediate attention is paid to the matter, the duty devolves upon our Metropolitan merchants whose interests are particularly at stake.

### The Spectacle of the "White Fawn," at Niblo's Garden, New York City.

THE "Black Crook" is dead! Long live the "White Fawn"! We know not if this new spectacle is destined to an existence as prolonged as was that of its predecessor; but, at the threshold of its career, it is but just to pay tribute to its magnificence and costliness as a spectacle. Our engraving represents one of the most graceful and attractive scenes of the new play, and will give some idea of the perfection to which the art of creating scenic effects has been brought by our Metropolitan managers.

### THE STORM.

WATCH well the wind-clouds, sailors, all,  
That hurry over the sky,  
And trim your sheets for the sudden squall,  
And steer with steady eye.

There sounds a roar from the dusky rocks,  
There's a ribbon of foam on the sand,  
And the sea is moved with rolling shocks,  
And a gloom is over the land.

A woman is there on the windy steep,  
With a face all wan and wild,  
And close at her bosom, fast asleep,  
There rests a little child.

Shrill is the night with the tempest's roar,  
And the rocks with foam are white,  
But the woman waits on the windy shore,  
Straining her eager sight.

Calm at length is that noisy sea,  
And fair the illumined land,  
And dawn is gleaming silvery  
In spangles over the sand.

The sea is still, but the sea is deep,  
And the rocks are grim and gray,  
The storm hath taken—the storm will keep  
And the woman may go her way.

### "My Murderer's Name Is—"

#### OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

##### CHAPTER XVII.

VIBERT had certainly mistaken his vocation. Nature had assuredly designed him for a dramatist, for he had a peculiar talent for arranging situations. He determined that the principal hero of his drama should betray himself when he placed in his hands the knife with which the murder had been done.

He had bided his time, had waited for months until Savari's confidence had been won, until love had rendered him more gentle, and subdued the determination and energy of his nature. But now the time had arrived when the grand act of the drama must be played, and that that very afternoon. The dinner was to take place at the *Café Anglais*, where Savari had dined an hour before the murder, and Vibert went there early and selected the cabinet in which to entertain his guests. He chose the most fragrant flowers, which emitted the most enervating perfume, to decorate the table, relying upon their effect upon Savari's sensitive, nervous system, which had been already overstrung by his exciting interview with Julia. The wines, also, were ordered with special reference to their prostrating, rather than exciting, influence, and the room was ordered to be brilliantly illuminated.

At seven o'clock, Madame Vidal, Vibert, and Savari, seated themselves at table. Conversation languished at the outset of the dinner, for every person was occupied with his own thoughts. Vibert, however, rallied first, and began to turn the conversation in the direction he desired. Their discourse was for some time trivial, then almost mirthful, and after a while took a tinge of sadness and philosophy, and finally turned on celebrated trials, the records of which Vibert asserted was his favorite study.

"Do you know," he said, addressing himself to Savari, "that you were sympathetic to me at the outset?"

"I presumed that I was so," the other replied.

"But the cause was so absurd, so ridiculous—you would feel provoked if I mentioned it to you."

"Not in the least. Tell me about it."

"Well, it was a pleasure to me to pronounce your name, because it differed in only one letter from that of René Savari, Duke of Rovigo, one of the most celebrated ministers of the police, whose memoirs I have lately read with the deepest interest. You cannot tell how matters of this sort appeal to me, or you would have yielded to my often repeated request to accompany me on a

visit to your courts and prisons. However, I took a turn in that direction myself this morning, before breakfast."

"In what direction?"

"Why, in the direction of the Conciergerie, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Palace of Justice, of course! I satisfied my curiosity without you, my cicerone!"

"Well, and what did you see?"

"Oh, everything! I found a guide—a fine old fellow of fifty years, with his breast covered with medals. He came up and offered his services to me after I descended from the carriage and was looking up at the great towers of the prison of the Conciergerie. He knew at once that I was a stranger, so he took me about everywhere, even into the famous tower where Marie Antoinette was imprisoned. It was very curious—very curious indeed. I was charmed with my guide, and he conceived quite a liking for me as well. I owe to him a most valuable acquisition too."

"A valuable acquisition, indeed?" repeated Savari, who, with Madame Vidal's permission, had just lighted a cigarette.

"Yes, as you shall see. Accompanied by my guide, I went up-stairs and down-stairs, through long corridors, in fact all over the Palace of Justice, and while making this charming pilgrimage I saw a certain door ajar. Whither does that door lead?" I inquired.

"To a room connected with the registry."

"Ah, and what does it contain?"

"Files of papers relating to law-suits, and also the different objects which figure in criminal trials; for instance, the weapon with which a murder is done, the hat lost by the assassin in his flight, the bloody handkerchief found upon his person, sometimes the clothes of the victim or his stolen watch; in a word, all the articles of which judge or jury are in need in order to convict a criminal. During the trial these objects are sent from this room to the court as they may be required."

"But," said I, desirous to learn as much as possible, "when the trial is over what becomes of these articles?"

"Some are returned to the families or persons from whom they were taken, and others are sold. You will readily comprehend, sir," added my guide, "that the entire Palace of Justice would not be sufficiently large to contain the collection of years of objects of this kind."

"When do the sales take place?" I inquired, full of interest.

"At certain fixed periods. There is one going on now."

"How I should enjoy attending one," I cried. "I should like to purchase something which had belonged to a great criminal."

"Nothing easier, sir, if you will but follow me."

I needed no second bidding, and in half an hour I was the possessor of a curious article.

"Some stolen jewel?" inquired Savari, as he took a puff at his cigarette.

"Oh, better than that!"

"A garment which had belonged to some unfortunate being sent to the galleys or the scaffold?"

"You are not right yet. I am fond of curiosities, but I like such as may be of use, and are not repulsive in appearance. An Englishman is not so particular; he will give a roll of bank notes for the stump of a cigar which had been between the lips of some notability. But I am not an Englishman. I understand uniting the useful with the agreeable, *utile dulci* as the poet has it. Behold!"

And without further preparation he extended to Savari the knife which he had unwrapped unperceived beneath the table.

Julia, pale and trembling, and leaning on the table, looked and listened in silence.

Vibert, as he handed Savari the knife, rose from his seat, and resting his hands upon the back of his chair, looked keenly at the latter through his blue glasses—looked keenly and coldly, and was ready to note the faintest change of countenance of his adversary. His very heart seemed to have ceased to beat.

The waiters were no longer in attendance.

There was not a sound to be heard except that of the rumbling of carriage-wheels on the Boulevard.

At last the truth must come!

If Savari were indeed the murderer, it appeared impossible under all the circumstances that he should not betray himself by a gesture, a groan, a shudder, or a start, at sight of the weapon which could not but recall his crime in the most positive and appalling manner.

Savari manifested at first a certain repugnance to taking the weapon which was handed to him. But after having examined it carefully, he laid it upon the table, saying:

"I should not advise you, if you were attacked, to trust to this weapon for defense. It is in a very bad condition."

Vibert was confounded.

All of his calculations were defeated, and his plans frustrated.

His dinner and the care he had bestowed upon the arrangement of the room were thrown away. For the past three months his time had been wasted. He had been on a false scent after all, and he was in despair.

While these thoughts traversed his brain, it occurred to him to wonder what impression had been produced upon Julia. He turned toward her, while Savari, without taking any further notice of the knife which lay upon the table, had risen and was lighting a second cigarette by one of the tapers placed upon the piano.

Julia had not changed her position; but her color was returning, and a sad smile played upon her lips. She was apparently indifferent at the failure of the combination.

This was too much for the irascible Vibert. What, when he was in despair, his companion, his accomplice, she who should have been even more

interested than himself in the success of the test, she did not share in his dejection! He was defeated, and instead of sympathizing with him, to look at her as she sat one would almost have said that she rejoiced at the result. He was revolted at such injustice; but instead of being cast down by it, he was inspired to make a last supreme effort.

"All is not lost," he thought; "my test was incomplete. It is possible that in a moment of excitement and exasperation a murderer may seize upon the first weapon that comes to hand without even looking at it, and that on seeing it afterward, it may carry no associations with it. I will continue the test."

He joined Savari at the piano, talked with him for a moment on some indifferent topic, took his arm, walked up and down the room for a few moments, and then he gradually drew him back to the seat he had occupied at the table. Placing himself beside him, and pointing to the knife, he said:

"Then this weapon, which I was so happy in being able to purchase, you consider of no utility?"

"I cannot see its use," replied Savari; "examine it yourself and you will find the point quite blunt."

"Why, so it is," said Vibert, after looking closely at it. "But that is only natural after all, for this point, in entering the body of the victim, must have met with some obstruction—"

"What!" exclaimed Savari; "was any one ever stabbed with that weapon?"

"Yes; and the blow was mortal."

"Who told you this?"

"My guide of course. Do you suppose that I buy articles of this kind without inquiring into their history and pedigree? This weapon is historical. It belonged to a young man who was murdered in October last in Paris, at No. 6 Rue de la Paix."

Savari started.

Vibert continued:

"This young man's name was—let me see—I shall remember in a moment—his name was—"

"Maurice Vidal!" said Savari.

It was Vibert's turn now to start with surprise.

"You know about this murder, then?" he asked.

"Yes; I was even mixed up in the affair," responded Savari.

"In what manner?"

"I was accused of being the assassin of Maurice Vidal."

"You!"

"Yes, I. When you suddenly mentioned the murder to me, it quite startled me. And even now I have scarcely regained my composure. I must be pale as a ghost. Pass me that glass of water, please."

Vibert complied with the request, and Savari took a few sallows, and continued:

"If you could but know how much annoyance and sorrow that matter has cost me. Just fancy, I was arrested and dragged to prison!"

"Impossible!" cried Vibert.

"Alas! it is only too true. I was examined before a judge—privately, it is true—but with handcuffs on my wrists, according to the prudential custom in France."

Then turning to Julia, he continued:

"Excuse my emotion, madame. I feel that after a dinner-party, and in the presence of a lady, it is out of place, but when I think of all my suffering, I can scarcely control myself."

"Had I for a moment supposed, my dear sir—" began Vibert, then stopping short, in the middle of his excuse, he said, in the most natural tone in the world, "May we learn how you were relieved from all this annoyance?"

"By proving my innocence beyond the possibility of a doubt," replied Savari.

"But how could you ever have been even suspected of such a crime?"

"Because, it was known that I had business relations with Maurice Vidal two days before his death."

"But that is dreadful," exclaimed Vibert. "If you changed to be murdered to-night, I should probably be suspected of the crime because we passed the evening together?"

"Certainly; if the murderer were not discovered, you would probably be arrested. So I warn you to be on your guard," said Savari, with a faint smile and returning color.

"The ways of justice are strange," remarked the police agent.

"Not as much so as would at first appear; justice must fulfill its duty, and you see the innocent are soon set at liberty. Nevertheless, I have suffered deeply, and you have reopened, unawares, a wound which was as yet scarcely healed."

For the last few moments he had spoken in a calm, measured tone. There was an air of profound melancholy about his whole person, and tears were in his voice. Suddenly he extended his hand, grasped the knife still lying on the table, and after gazing long upon it in silence, he broke forth:

"It was with this little weapon, then, that you were killed, poor Maurice Vidal! You were not my friend; we had exchanged hard words and bitter feelings on questions of wretched, worldly interest. Yes, you, man of prudence and excellence, who prospered through labor, energy and integrity, you were unable to comprehend my sad position in life and why I could not be all that you yourself were. You were severe, cold, hard—perhaps even unjust to me. Yet, Maurice Vidal, I cherish no unkind thought of you; I mourn for you with all my heart—I lament your untimely end with my whole soul! You had riches, youth, health, strength—yet in a moment you were robbed of all this, and by this little knife, which scarcely seems a weapon."

He stopped for a moment, and then, without looking at either Julia or Vibert, continued:

"Ah! had the man who took your life known certain details of your life, as I learned them after

this sad affair—had he known that you loved, that you were beloved in return—that you were expecting on the following day your cherished companion, perhaps his arm might have trembled and your life have been spared. Poor fellow! Poor young wife!"

Savari ceased, and two large tears coursed down his cheeks. At the same moment, Julia, who had restrained herself up to this time, but who was exhausted by the various emotions of the day, now gave way to a paroxysm of weeping.

Vibert's first impulse was to hasten to her side, but he felt that her sudden explosion of grief required an explanation, so, turning to Savari, he said:

"It is our own fault; we have been too dramatic. We have talked for the last hour of nothing but crimes and murder; we have allowed ourselves to become excited and moved, quite forgetting that this poor child has nerves."

Savari made no reply; he looked at Julia as she wept, but did not venture to approach her.

"Come!" said Vibert; "the best thing we can do now is to separate, and resolve to be more cheerful when we meet again."

He rang, ordered a vehicle, and conducted Madame Vidal to her home, while Savari went his way alone.

Julia was in no condition for an explanation, so placing her in the care of Marietta, Vibert left her. But what explanation was possible, after all? What new proof had he of Savari's guilt? He had hoped to produce some positive result; the result had been produced and had exceeded his expectations. Savari had not alone trembled and grown pale, but he had wept, and had manifested the most profound emotion. But this emotion was natural and easy of explanation, and Vibert found himself caught in his own snare. He had had the pleasure himself of arranging the *mise-en-scène*, of calling forth the sensibility of his adversary, of softening his heart, and of disposing him to sentiment. His pallor, his tears, his emotion, did not prove him criminal: they attested only to the fact that the suspicions conceived against him, his arrest, the hours which he had passed in prison, had caused a deep wound to his feelings and his pride, which was as yet unhealed. While wishing to overwhelm and confuse Savari, Vibert had only afforded him an opportunity of placing himself in a most favorable light. This man, who had been regarded as trifling, frivolous, incapable of true feeling, suddenly manifested himself serious, thoughtful and full of sensibility. He had been deeply moved by the remembrance of the death of Maurice, he had eulogized the man who had dealt harshly by him, he had paid a tribute to his memory, and had mingled his tears with those of Julia Vidal.

While reflecting thus, and his heart full of sadness, Vibert ended his way to his old home in the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec. He did not regret for a time to become his former self, to lay off the dress-coat of the Count de Rubini which had profited him so little, and to return to the uniform, peaceable life which he had enjoyed on the fifth floor.

"Well," said the *concierge*, as he entered—"well, M. Vibert, we have not seen you for a long time?"

"I have been in the country. Has anything come for me during my absence?"

"Only this letter, sir."

Vibert took the letter, which bore the official stamp of the Commissariat of the Police, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR VIBERT—At the time when you were employed in my office, you were occupied one day, during my absence, with the case of a man named Langlade, and a tall girl, with red hair, known by the *soubriquet* of Setting Sun.

"We need at this office information with which you alone can furnish us, concerning these individuals, and I beg that you will come to me at the earliest possible moment."

"X—"

"I will go to-morrow morning, before returning to the Hotel des Princes," said Vibert to himself, as he put the letter in his pocket, and ascended to his room.

### SECOND PART.

#### CHAPTER I.

AFTER having passed the night which followed the dinner at the *Café Anglais* in his own little garret, in the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, and after having given the information required concerning Langlade and Setting-Sun, Vibert returned to his quarters in the Hotel des Princes.

He had debated in his own mind whether it would not be well to give up his pursuit, write to the judge that Savari was either innocent or too adroit to commit himself, pay his last visit to Madame Vidal and express his regrets at being unable to serve her, and return to his former position in the police department.

Restrained, however, from pursuing this course by self-love or some stronger sentiment, he resumed the rôle of Count Rubini, which he had so admirably created—only he no longer performed it with the same degree of perfection. He neglected his dress, about which he had been so careful, forgot, in speaking, his Italian accent, and manifested astonishment when addressed as "Count" by the servants. His temper, too, had become uneven, fretful and hasty, and he was constantly murmuring to himself such disjointed phrases as the following:

"Fool, you must leave your quiet office in the Rue St. Honoré—you wanted to see life. Well, you have seen it? What are you complaining of now?"

"To suffer is to live! To live is to suffer! Oh, yes, you are seeing life—you are living—and you are suffering. Another time you will realize when you are happy, and will not be so anxious to leave your quiet little den, and mix with the world."

Then with a burst of laughter:



"This pain at my heart will soon quiet all my anger, my envy and my suffering! A few feet of ground, in a common grave, and a wooden cross, perhaps, raised by the Marquis of X—, and all will be over. . . . Yet, no, I will not die. . . . It is too absurd—and for such a cause! Ah, how the marquis would laugh! If I had a son, I would throw him into every dissipation at eighteen. I would say to him, Love, enjoy, suffer, exhaust your strength, throw your heart to the first comer. Render it invulnerable, insensible, and then, when you reach the age of true, strong feeling, when you arrive at my time of life, you will laugh instead of weep, you will cause misery to other hearts, instead of suffering yourself."

Then with a bitter, jeering laugh:

"Cause suffering to other hearts, did I say? Ah, Vibert, you are a fool! Your son would doubtless resemble you, and one built in your mould could never inflict a heart-ache. Look at yourself in that glass; have the courage to contemplate yourself for a moment. With such a face and such a form one may suffer heart-ache, but one can never cause it. Now turn your head away from the mirror, my good man, or you may frighten even yourself!"

Every time he went out, Vibert mechanically wandered in the direction of Madame Vidal's residence, but on reaching the doorway he invariably recommenced to soliloquize after this fashion:

"Why should I go in? What should I do there? I know that he is beside her. I can only wait now, wait in silence, and not disturb them. This is my sole chance for learning the truth. Oh, how I suffer from inaction!"

One day, however, Vibert could endure suspense no longer; he entered the house, rapidly passed by the *conterge*, ascended the back stairway, and did not leave for an hour.

Yet he did not enter Madame Vidal's apartments. Mariotta did not hear his ring at the bell, and no one suspected his presence in the house. How and where had he passed that hour?

One thing was certain, his mysterious expedition had not been satisfactory, for his face was very sad, and life seemed a weary burden to him.

The day following his visit to the Rue Grammont he was sent for, and went to the Prefecture of Police, to give an account of the progress he was making in the investigations which had been committed to his charge, and at the moment of entering the office he heard the following conversation, between the head of the bureau and one of his subordinates:

"Do you place confidence in the information furnished by this woman?"

"Yes, sir. It is to her interest to speak truth."

"According to her account, then, Langlade will pass the night in the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs."

"It is more than probable that he will do so."

"Then his arrest must take place to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir. My men will not hesitate to follow where I lead, but I must tell you that they can only arrest him at the peril of their lives. This Langlade has a terrible reputation. He has twice escaped from the galleys of Toulon and Brest. He is a perfect giant in size and strength, and always sleeps with two loaded pistols beside his bed. The first officer who enters his room is sure of death."

"Pshaw," said Vibert, joining the conversation. "I do not see why there should be so much trouble in arresting him."

Both men turned and looked at him in surprise.

"I should like to see you do it!" exclaimed the officer.

"So you shall, if I have the necessary permission."

"Who are you, sir?" inquired the chief, scrutinizing Vibert.

"Why, my name is Vibert, and I am here by orders to report progress about the murder in the Rue de la Paix."

"Ah yes, I remember you now. Well, what additional information have you to give?"

"I have nothing new to report; I am still at work, and am awaiting further revelations with great impatience."

"We know your zeal, and rely upon it. Now, touching this matter of Langlade's arrest, did I understand you as willing to undertake it?"

"Certainly."

"But," interrupted the police officer, "you do not know the man with whom you would have to deal!"

"Pardon me, but I do," replied Vibert. "When I was secretary of the Commissariat of Police in the Rue St. Honoré, Langlade had the boldness to come to me, accompanied by his wife, for a passport for England. His manner excited my suspicions. I caused him to be arrested. Since then he has escaped from the galleys, to which, thanks to me, he had been returned."

"As you know him so well, I am surprised that you should offer to arrest him. Surely you must remember his gigantic proportions."

"Perfectly well. I am a dwarf as compared with many men, but particularly so by his side."

"You surely do not think of arresting him without assistance. Such an attempt would be certain death."

"That is my own affair," replied Vibert. "A difficult task must be accomplished. No one wishes to undertake it. I volunteer, and ask neither recompense nor assistance of any kind. Permit me, sir," he continued, addressing himself to the chief, "to say that it would be churlish to refuse so disinterested an offer."

"I shall not refuse your offer, and will put you in relation with those who can furnish you with any information which you may require. But while you are occupied with this matter, will you not be obliged to neglect the other important interests confided to you care?"

"Two hours, sir, will suffice me for the arrest

of your Colossus, and those I will steal from the time dedicated to rest, which will not be much of a sacrifice, as I cannot sleep."

"Well," said the chief, with a smile, "I was told that you were a singular police agent, and you certainly do not belie your reputation!"

## Love vs. Prejudice.

A wide smooth beach, now and then kissed by the breakers, as Neptune, capricious and often boisterous, rolled them in; now gently undulating with a little harmonious cadence to each billowy splash, while in the distance Old Ocean surged and roared. A western sky, to which the sun had just bidden a gay farewell, with a promise to beam lovingly all the next day. Clouds of dark blue and gray, bordered with rose, pink, amber and amethyst, gave to the surrounding country a blush of beauty impossible to describe, and to which the genius of a Claude Lorraine could never have done justice. Handsome carriages, out of which smiled lovely women and fine-looking men, were driven leisurely by. Groups of pedestrians stopped to admire the glorious sunset, while further down a few bathers, with their fantastic attire, fluttered and swam, their many voices harmoniously blending with the song of the breakers and the roar of the distant sea.

"This is Newport's distinguishing feature," remarked a gentleman to his companion, as they sauntered along, arm in arm. "And this is what has brought me here season after season. I don't care a fig for the society; but there is something inexpressibly soothing and refreshing to me here."

"All well enough in its way. Refreshing of course to take a good bath, and ride along in pleasant company; but how in creation a man can prefer a solitary walk on this beach, night after night, to a waltz or mazurka with some loving damsel, is, I confess, beyond my power to imagine; but every man to his taste. Come, let's rest."

And offering his friend a cigar, they seated themselves on low camp stools in close contiguity to one of the bathing-houses, at this time apparently unoccupied.

"This is decidedly the most gorgeous sunset I ever beheld," said the first speaker, who seemed unable to turn his attention to any other subject. "Just look at the shape of those clouds, and the beautiful blending of color," and an appreciative smile lit up his pale face, while his friend just glanced at the spot indicated, took a few more puffs at his excellent Havana, and remarked:

"Didn't I see you promenading with Miss Chester, last evening, Hugh? I didn't know before that you were acquainted."

"I was only introduced yesterday, but it appeared to be necessary that I should play the agreeable for awhile, so I invited her to walk instead of dance, as you probably would have done."

"Catch her dancing. Lord, man! don't you know she never accepts an invitation for a plain quadrille even? Belongs to some church probably. But I should think you would like her, Hugh; she writes for two or three of our very best American periodicals, is, I understand, an excellent artist, speaks two or three languages perfectly, and by Jove! can't she sit a horse though?"

"No doubt," replied Hugh Hertford, sarcastically; "she can row a boat, swim like a fish, write an editorial, preserve her equilibrium while galloping along at break-neck speed. In short, she combines in her nature the very qualities I most detest in a woman—literary ability and masculinity."

"I wonder what would suit you Hugh?" said his friend, musingly. "I declare if I wasn't married, I'd make up to that woman. Fine-looking, too."

"Very good figure," responded Hugh critically; "but in my estimation exceedingly plain. Her eyes and teeth just redeem her face from positive ugliness," and with this the two friends resumed their walk.

"Well, Hugh Hertford, I should scarcely have thought it possible; you that I have so idealized; you that I have almost believed exempt from human weaknesses, and whose praise and good opinion I should have preferred to every one else's in the world; you that I thought incapable of expressing an unkind thought, even of an enemy, thus criticising a woman of whom you know nothing beyond the simple fact that gossip represents her smart and masculine. Shame upon you, Hugh Hertford!"

And the subject of the previous conversation, having entered the bathing-house for the purpose of fastening some article of her wardrobe which had become disarranged, and finding herself being canvassed so freely, concluded to remain until they had finished, passed out and returned to the hotel.

It is almost unnecessary to state that Hugh Hertford was a bachelor. For some reason, alike incomprehensible to relatives and friends, he, the admired, wealthy and aristocratic, had escaped the numberless matrimonial nets so industriously woven for him, and now, at the mature age of thirty, looked upon women as something to respect and admire, but both at a distance. Hugh never had flirted, never in his life had told a woman he loved her, never compromised his honor by appearing to even, and his self-esteem grew inordinately large as he reflected upon his past conduct comparatively.

Surely nothing could have been more becoming than Clara Chester's elegant evening dress, enhancing charms which were acknowledged and appreciated by every one but our bachelor friend.

"Do you sing, Miss Chester?" inquired Hugh, sauntering along to a group of acquaintances, where the lady stood, rare and radiant, dispensing her fascinations and sallies of wit with more than usual gusto.

"I do, Mr. Hertford, occasionally, for my friends," and Clara accented the last word just enough to set Hugh thinking.

"Well, will you not put me on that list, and allow me to escort you to the piano?" and Hugh, with a display of gallantry quite unusual, offered his arm and seated her at the instrument.

"You are quite sure, Mr. Hertford, that this is not among the accomplishments you condemn?" inquired Clara, carelessly, turning the leaves of the music-book.

"I don't quite understand you, Miss Chester."

"No? Well, then, it is of no consequence. What do you prefer? A ballad would scarcely suit you, I fear. What do you say to 'Casta Diva'?"

"My favorite of all others, Miss Chester."

So after a brilliant prelude, which Hugh's artistic soul could not but admire, she commenced the beautiful song. Hugh was spell-bound; the style and rendering were inimitable, voice sweet, rich and powerful, showing the choicest cultivation. The song ceased, the clear, bird-like notes died into an echo, and still Hugh Hertford stood like one in a dream. Miss Chester rose from the piano, and yet Hugh lingered.

"Have you fallen asleep, Mr. Hertford?" inquired Clara, gently laying her jeweled hand upon his arm.

"A thousand pardons for my seeming inattention; but 'Casta Diva' always sets me dreaming, and never have I heard it more exquisitely rendered."

"I thank you," Clara replied, almost haughtily; and then joining a group of friends, entered eagerly into a conversation where horses were being discussed, and as Hugh walked away he heard her accept an invitation to ride, early the next morning, an animal he knew to be almost unmanageable.

"You are engaged to ride to-morrow morning, Miss Chester," inquired another gentleman, approaching. "If it won't be too much trouble, will you ride around by our stables? I am very anxious that you give your opinion concerning a saddle-horse I have just been purchasing."

"Certainly; with pleasure," Hugh heard her respond.

"Unaccountable!" he muttered, through his set teeth, "that in one woman should dwell such contradictory and antagonistic qualities. She sings like an angel, that is feminine and as it should be; talks horse like a horse-jockey, and that— But pshaw! what business have I to criticize her conduct? But I just wish she was my sister, cousin, or something for a month or two! I'd soon train her."

The weeks rolled swiftly by, and Hugh Hertford lingered. He had remained much longer than his usual time, and still felt very unwilling to leave. Miss Chester was cold, formal and studiously polite; they occasionally met in their solitary walks on the beach, for, strange to say, in this respect their tastes were alike. Several times they had passed each other on the river, she rowing her own boat, erect and dignified, suggesting to Hugh's active imagination a picture of loneliness and unrest which, somehow, troubled him strangely.

"Not only unwomanly," he thought, "but exceedingly imprudent to venture so far away from the shore."

And so one evening, after the sun had gone down, and the shades of night softly descended, Hugh leaned back in his little yacht, and with a practiced hand trimmed the tiny sail and reflected upon the statuesque figure before him, who seemed to have entirely forgotten her surroundings, and now rocked upon this breaker, now buoyed by another bounding billow, appeared to him to be recklessly hastening to destruction.

"Confound that woman!" roared Hugh, after a long self-communion, "she has been the torment of my existence ever since I came to Newport; and why the deuce I am not willing to let her drown or kill herself, when she seems so anxious to, I don't know. I can positively swear that not once have I attempted to take a moment's comfort since my arrival, but that woman has appeared before me in some break-neck, dare-devil attitude, making me as nervous as— as she ought to be herself. But—good heavens!—something must be done," as a white-capped wave hid the boat and its precious burden from his sight. "She must either have gone stark mad, or else she is asleep! What does it mean?" and Hugh altered the course of his boat, so that it bore directly upon her.

"Miss Chester! Miss Chester!" screamed our hero lustily; but not a sound from the woman, who with head erect and apparently unconscious of danger seemed drifting out to sea.

"Miss Chester! Miss Chester! for God's sake turn around quickly."

Still no reply. Stepping hastily on to the side of the boat, he again attempted to attract her attention, but this time with a result entirely unexpected. A sudden gust of wind striking the now neglected sail, sent the boom flying over, and Hugh Hertford was precipitated into the sea.

Clara, aroused from her reverie, with her waterproof drawn snugly around her, all unharmed from the mist and spray, had turned just time enough to witness the accident as it occurred.

"Mr. Hertford! as I live. He must be unconscious for he makes no attempt to save himself."

Skillfully and earnestly, with a heart palpitating, Clara rowed to the spot; but horror of horrors! he had floated under the boat. In a second more she had divested herself of all superfluous clothing, and after fastening her little boat to the yacht's horizontal mast, jumped in among the roaring billows.

"How can I be of any service to him?" murmured Clara, in agony, catching a glimpse of his pale, upturned face; but I am strong."

And in an instant she was beside him. Placing one hand under his head, and with the other striking boldly out, she reached her boat, and

with almost superhuman strength dragged him in.

"Thank God that I know how to swim," was the only remark, as she proceeded to bail out the tiny craft.

Wrapping him as carefully as circumstances would permit in her large cloak, she then bent every energy to reaching the shore. Over the water like a thing of life sped the boat, propelled by a spirit as brave and true as ever throbbed in human bosom. No faltering, no trembling, but with a voice firm and decided, ordered a carriage at the beach, superintended the removal, and drenched and shivering, placed herself beside him, and was driven rapidly to the hotel. Numberless were the inquiries made. To each and all she gave a clear, ladylike account; and disclaiming by her dignified, earnest manner all desire to be made a heroine of, went quietly to her room, actually made a new elegant evening toilet, and took her place at the tea-table, as though nothing out of the common order of events had transpired.

Consciousness came slowly back to the bewildered man, and by afternoon of the next day was able to remember the events preceding the blow which came so near depriving him of life as well as sense.

"Clara," said Mrs. G—, entering her room quite unceremoniously, "Mr. Hertford sent me to see if you would be kind enough to come and sit with him a little while? We told him—of course we had to, Clara," she continued, noticing the look of disapprobation on her friend's face, "to whom he was indebted for his preservation, and Dr. — wished me to request in his name that you would come without delay; he fears excitement will produce a cerebral difficulty."

"Any sacrifice to save a person's life or reason; but I would rather it were any other man on the face of the footstool than Hugh Hertford. Gratitude from one who detests me!" muttered Clara, as she prepared to follow.

"Here is Miss Chester," said Mrs. G—, quietly approaching his bedside.

"I am sorry to see you suffering," said Clara, taking the outstretched hand, and kindly returning the warm pressure.

"And you, Miss Chester, are not injured?"

"Not in the least."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Hugh, heartily. "And now, Miss Chester, I could not be quiet another moment until I had expressed to you a very small part of my gratitude."

"Please assure me, Mr. Hertford. Last evening I had a sort of glimmering of the truth, and I came to the conclusion that in some strange way I was responsible for your upset. Was it not so?"

A sad smile lighted up Hugh's wan countenance.

"It was my own carelessness, Miss Chester; but how did you manage to get me into the boat? that is incomprehensible!"

"Oh, by the assistance of one of my condemned masculine qualities—strength," laughingly replied Clara, who could not even in his weakness resist the temptation of a little sarcasm at his expense.

"That makes twice, Miss Chester, you have thus strangely spoken. You must have heard something? If so, please tell me all about it, for after this we must be friends—warm, appreciative friends, between whom there must never be a shadow of misunderstanding."

Clara's eyes fell, and forgetting dignity, forgetting composure, which she intended should remain undisturbed to the end of the interview, buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"She can sing like an angel, and cry like a woman—two feminine attributes anyhow," thought Hugh, and it must be confessed that he looked upon the drooping figure of the young lady with infinite satisfaction. Sane Hugh—softly and caressingly, his own eyes almost overflowing, he stroked the bowed head, and still Clara wept.

"You are ill, Miss Chester. I was a brute to send for you. You are entirely unwell; but the doctor assured me that you were suffering no ill effects from this adventure."

"Don't apologize, Mr. Hertford, please don't," replied Clara, partially recovering herself. "I was never better physically in my life; but death is a fearful thing to contemplate, and we were both so near it."

"Words fail me, Miss Chester," said Hugh as Clara rose to go. "But may a kind Heavenly Father bless you now and forever with his loving kindness, and grant to us a friendship pure and lasting."

"Amen!" responded Clara heartily, and with a promise to call again, left the invalid cheerful and convalescent.

Clara had just packed her last traveling-trunk, and made her evening toilet for the last time. The next morning she was to start for home. Hugh had entirely recovered. Admiration and gratitude, Clara read very clearly from the depths of his dark, earnest eyes, and his brotherly manner; but incomprehensible as it may appear, this did not seem to satisfy her.

"Is it true, Miss Clara, that you leave Newport to-morrow?" inquired Hugh, joining her on the piazza.

"To-morrow morning, Mr. Hertford."

"Would you not like to pay a farewell visit to your favorite beach? Surely nothing could be lovelier than this moonlight."

Nothing loth, Clara accepted the invitation, and Hugh drove slowly along the beautiful road.

"What a flood of tenderness moonlight infuses into one's soul!" said Hugh, breaking the silence which was fast becoming oppressive. "Of what are you thinking, Clara?"

"Of the time, Mr. Hertford, when there, right there by that bathing-house," replied Clara, pointing to the spot, "you freely expressed your opinion of the woman by your side; and the kindest word then was detestation."

"Yes, Clara, but even then I admired and respected you more than any other lady I had ever seen; and here to-night, in that very same spot, I wish to ask Miss Chester's pardon, and not only that, darling, but the right to call her my wife, I love you, Clara, with my whole soul, passionately," and Hugh, with his arm round his companion's waist, waited for the answer.

"You are sure you do not mistake gratitude for love, Hugh?" was the softly whispered response; and the dear head sank lower until it reached its natural resting-place.

"Quite sure, Clara." And her reply, though inaudible, must have been highly satisfactory, for since then Clara Chester has become Mrs. Hugh Hertford, and not a syllable has Hugh ever been heard to utter in regard to his wife's masculine qualities.





FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE TO SITKA HARBOR.

South View of New Archangel (Sitka), from United States Steamer Resaca, in Harbor, Sketched by a United States Officer, Nov. 1st, 1867.

SITKA, not long ago alluded to only as an obscure settlement in a far off foreign land, is now one of the towns of the United States, upon the soil of the Republic. The double-headed eagle of Imperial Russia no longer perches on the flag-staff above the governor's house; the stars and stripes are floating there, a glorious emblem of power in the midst of semi-barbarism. But, as Sitka is ours, it behooves us to know something about the place, and we have taken pains to procure careful and accurate drawings of the town and of the fort at the entrance of the harbor, forming two

engravings that will prove no less instructive than interesting to the public.

Sitka, situated on the west coast of the island of that name, in latitude 57 degrees 3 minutes, north, longitude 135 degrees 18 minutes, west, is the only town of any size in our newly-acquired territory of Alaska. Its population is about 1,500, though it is probable that in a very short time it will receive reinforcements of enterprising and adventurous American settlers. The harbor is a good one, which fact in itself constitutes one of the chief advantages to this Government, of the purchase of the territory. There is considerable trade in fish and peltry with Petropavlovsk. As may be seen in the engraving, the town is not remarkable for architectural beauty, the houses, with the exception of the governor's being of the most primitive and inelegant character. The climate of the island is humid and cold, having only an

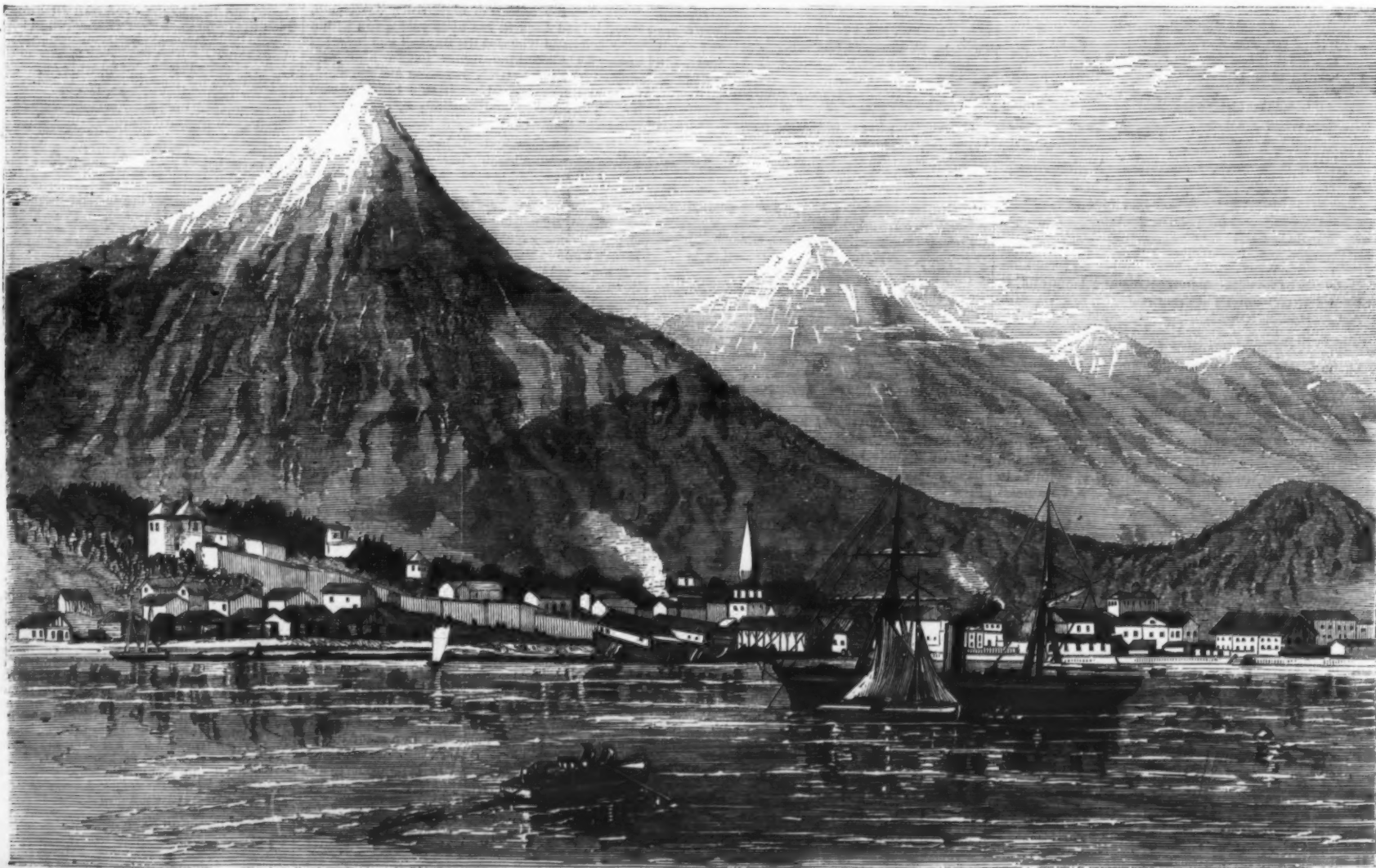
average of 66 dry days in the year. The temperature for the year averages 45.3 degrees, Fahrenheit; that of the summer 56.2 degrees. Of course it cannot be expected that the products of the soil exhibit a very great variety and luxuriance, but good crops of barley, wheat and oats are raised.

The general features of our engraving are very accurate. The sketch was taken from the deck of the United States steamer Resaca, by one of the officers of the ship. The scenery north of the governor's residence presents views of snow-clad ranges of mountains from five to ten miles distant. It must be confessed that the picture conveys the idea of bleakness and desolation, but perhaps some years hence, when the spirit of our nationality shall have breathed upon that sterile and inhospitable shore, and American enterprise and energy shall have done their work, very different and

more cheerful features will be presented by the town of Sitka.

#### Fortifications at the Entrance to Sitka Harbor

The wild and dreary scene represented in our engraving is not calculated to inspire any of our people with extraordinary ambition to take up their residence in that region. Still the view is picturesque, and may be depended on as a correct representation of the entrance to the harbor of Sitka. There is one pleasing feature in that rough landscape: in contrast with rugged mountain and rushing stream, the white steeple of the little church points to the sky, the Holy Cross at its pinnacle, like a sign of hope in the wilderness.



Church of the Resurrection (Koloschian). Indian Village. Mt. Krestofski (Cross Mountain), 3,000 feet high. Saw-mills erected in hulks. St. Michael's Church. Ship. Custom House. Governor's Residence. Wharf. Barracks. Battery. Private Residence. Company's Stores. Quartermaster's Warehouse.

SOUTH VIEW OF NEW ARCHANGEL (SITKA) FROM THE DECK OF THE U. S. STEAMER RESACA.—SKETCHED BY A U. S. OFFICER, NOV. 1st. 1867.



## CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

As a prelude to the original and intensely interesting novel, "The Child Wife," the publication of which will soon be commenced in this journal, it is not inopportune to present the public with a biographical sketch of the author. Captain Mayne Reid is now forty-eight years of age, and our engraving is a faithful representation of his personal appearance at that period of his ripened manhood. He is a native of the north of Ireland, descended from one of the grantees of the Ulster plantations, and through his maternal parentage, from the royal Stuart family of Scotland. He received a first-class education at the Belfast College (Queen's University), and, being the son of a Presbyterian minister, it was proposed that he should follow a theological career. But the young Irishman's daring and enthusiastic character, his innate love of adventure, and the promptings of his ardent and chivalrous nature, destined him for a more active sphere than the churchman's closet.

After leaving college, he set out for America, traveled through the West Indies and Mexico, and spent several years of adventurous life in the Far West. To those travels the world is indebted for the truthful and vigorous descriptions of forest and prairie scenery, of Indian and Mexican manners, and of thrilling episodes in woodland life that are found in many of his works. After the rude but instructive experiences of those wanderings, he made his way to the Atlantic cities, and devoted himself for a time to magazine writing, especially poetry. But the Mexican war broke out to interrupt him at the threshold of his literary labors. The martial spirit was too much a part of his individuality to permit him to ignore that field of excitement. He entered the United States army as a lieutenant, and distinguished himself by several daring exploits, as recorded in the dispatches of General Scott and other commanders under whom he served. He led the forlorn hope at the storming of Chapultepec, and also the last infantry charge at the hacienda at Los Portales, which decided the battle of Churubusco. Severely wounded at the former action, he was for some weeks reported among the killed, and the newspapers of the time did justice to his gallantry. At a public dinner given at Columbus, Ohio, his memory was toasted, and a poem was read that had been written by a young lady of the place. Considered simply as a literary production, this poem deserves a place in our columns, and we copy it from the newspaper report:

Gone! Gone! Gone!  
Gone to his dreamless sleep!  
And spirits of the brave,  
Watching o'er his grave,  
Weep! Weep! Weep!

Mourn! Mourn! Mourn!  
Mother to sorrow long wed:  
Far o'er the mighty deep,  
Where the brave coldly sleep,  
Thy warrior son lies dead.

Lone! Lone! Lone!  
In thine own far island home:  
Ere thy life's task is done,  
Oft with the sinking sun,  
O'er the sea thy thoughts will roam.

Sound! Sound! Sound!  
The trumpet, while thousands die:  
Madly forcing his way  
Through the blood-dashing spray,  
He beareth our banner on high!

Woe! woe! woe!  
Like a thought he has sunk to rest:  
Slowly they bear him away,  
In stern martial array,  
The flag and the sword on his breast.

High! High! High!  
High in the temple of fame  
The poet's faceless wreath,  
And the soldier's sheath,  
Are engraved above his name.

Long! Long! Long!  
As time to the earth shall belong,  
The sad wind over the surge  
Shall chant its low dirge  
O'er the peerless child of song.

Gone! Gone! Gone!  
Gone to his dreamless sleep:  
And spirits of the brave,  
Watching o'er his lone grave,  
Weep! weep! weep!

Columbus, Ohio, 1848.

The next news that reached the United States from Mexico was that Captain Reid, instead of being killed, had married a rich heiress—a report not more true than that of his death.

Returning from Mexico, Captain Reid was called upon to take command of the European refugees in New York, then planning an expedition to aid the revolution in Germany. Having hastily organized a Foreign Legion, he sailed for Europe, but arrived to find the fortress of Rastadt invested by the Prussian army, and the revolution virtually at an end.

His next move was to join Kossuth in Hungary, but before he could arrive at the scene of strife, the Magyar patriot had been compelled to flee to Kutayah, in Turkey.

The general pacification of Europe left Captain Reid no further opportunity for using his sword, and returning to England, he took up the pen, and produced in rapid succession those works of wondrous interest which have been the delight of millions, and have been translated into every European language. It is said that his first work, the "Scalp Hunters," has in England alone circulated over one million copies, and all this without the aid of any friendly criticism. On the contrary, at an early period of his literary career, by defending Kossuth against the attacks of the *Times* newspaper, he gained the undying hostility of that powerful journal, and the whole clique of London reviewers secretly controlled by its influence. The system pursued by them has been either to treat his works with silence, or pronounce upon them as being mere "books for boys," whereas, such splendid romances as the "War Trail," the "Quadroon," the "White Chief," the



CAPT. MAYNE REID.

"Headless Horseman," and half a score of others, have no relation whatever to boys' literature; and by these, and not by his boys' books of adventure, must Captain Reid's literary character be judged.

In the year 1854, Captain Reid was married to a young English lady of the Clarendon family, a lineal descendant of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Since then he has resided in

the county of Bucks, England, devoting himself to literature, and following the pursuits of a quiet country gentleman; now and then taking a part in politics, and always on the liberal side. During our late war he proved himself our warmest friend, gaining a large measure of unpopularity by his advocacy of the republic. He is now on a visit to this country to complete the study of our republican institutions, and there are few Americans who will not wish that his stay among us may be pleasant and prolonged.

## BLOODY ISLAND.

There is a small strip of land lying in the Mississippi river, midway between St. Louis and the Illinois shore, which bears the appropriate name of Bloody Island. It is about one mile in length and a little over half a mile in width, and has a population of over 1,000, which is composed almost entirely of Germans.

As the terminus of the St. Louis and Alton Railroad, it is a place of considerable importance, and as the former resort of pugilists and duelists, its name is a most familiar one. The first incident that gave prominence to the place was the murder of the Indian Pontiac, who had been residing for a considerable time in St. Louis. His appetite for strong drink was intense, and he was in the habit of crossing to the island whenever he desired to enjoy a "big drunk." Here his conduct soon became unbearable to the few settlers, and he was threatened with summary punishment in case he should continue his dangerous practice. Not heeding the timely warning, he ventured to pay another visit to his neighbors, who, becoming enraged at his audacity, fell upon him and inflicted several wounds upon his person, from the effects of which he died in a few hours. From this time forward, and especially during that period when dueling was regarded as both honorable and necessary for the settlement of personal differences, Bloody Island was the favorite spot for these too often fatal affrays. Many gentlemen who held prominent positions in the State and National Governments have met at this place in deadly encounters; several have been killed outright, and many others have received fatal or serious injuries. Of late years, however, there has been a marked decrease in the number of these personal encounters, caused, probably, by the erection of railroad depots and machine-shops, which have transformed the island into a very busy little settlement. The island is covered with cotton-wood trees, which appear to thrive at an amazing rate, the alluvial deposits from the Mississippi, upon which this tree depends for its nourishment, extending almost over the entire land.

The last sensation from this locality is a prize-fight, which occurred a few days ago, between two young roughs, named Beardon and McCann, the former nineteen and the other seventeen years of age, in which the younger pugilist was pummeled to death. Six exciting rounds were fought, at the end of which McCann grew faint, and, as he staggered toward his opponent, received a tremendous blow in the abdomen. Parties in the crowd then cried, "Don't hit him again!" but the infuriated brawler paid no attention to the warning, and struck another powerful blow, when his antagonist fell heavily upon the ground, and shortly afterward expired. The entire affair is said to be enveloped in mystery. All the parties engaged in the fight have been arrested and committed to jail, but they all refuse to render any testimony before the coroner.

## A KANGAROO BATTUE.

SINCE the small remnant left of the aborigines have given up the chase and hang about the townships, and depend upon the whites for food, and the shepherd kings have destroyed their dingoes, kangaroos have an immunity from their natural enemies, and their numbers have of late years increased to such an extent on some of the stations of the Western District as to render it necessary that means should be devised for reducing the number.

With this view a system has been adopted similar to that pursued in South Africa to capture the wild animals of that country. A piece of ground of some two or three acres in extent is surrounded with a stockade twelve feet high. At the further end of this enclosure is a smaller one of about a quarter of an acre in extent, and communicating with the larger one by a swing gate, which easily opens and shuts. A man in command of the gate stands on an elevated platform, hidden by boughs, who admits the animals as they approach, but prevents their egress. An opening is left in the first enclosure of a few yards wide, from which wings extend for about a mile in extent on each side, which diverge, affording a wide mouth, into which the kangaroos are driven, and then urged forward to the stockade enclosure. The wings are formed of brushwood, sufficiently high to prevent the kangaroos from hopping over.

A battue at Carramutt Station is thus described: Shortly after eight some twenty-five horsemen started from the township, and were soon after joined by the men from the Gum's and McArthur's Stations. The men then encompassed a large area of ground, and gradually headed the kangaroos toward the mouth of the enclosure. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the general rendezvous at the wicket gate; the party then mustered between sixty and seventy equestrians. The meeting was graced by the presence of several ladies on horseback, with the junior members of their families on ponies.

The men spread out, formed a semi-circle, and gradually converged toward the mouth of the wings, driving the kangaroos before them. They had not proceeded very far within the wings before a large mob of kangaroos was seen heading to them. The kangaroos had evidently been round the large stockade, and finding no means of escape, had doubled back, with the determination of forcing their way through the approaching phalanx of horsemen. This was a most animating scene. The kangaroos were dodging about in all directions between the horsemen, and all the shouting, waving of handkerchiefs, and cracking of stock whips were unavailing to turn them back, and several hundreds thus escaped. A few were brought down by the untimely cut of a stockwhip, and before they could recover their legs they were dispatched by the loaded end of the whip.



BLOODY ISLAND, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MO., THE SCENE OF THE LATE FATAL PRIZE FIGHT.



This was the most exciting and amusing part of the whole hunt. The grotesque movements of the kangaroos, and the horsemen galloping about to head a retreating column, made capital sport. An occasional spill of some one into the mud was provocative of laughter. Joey—the young kangaroo which had been ejected from the mother's pouch—was hopping about in all directions, and was seen taking refuge in the brush fence. The hunters, having closed up, formed a compact mass at the opening of the stockade, while a few of them entered and drove the animals into the smaller enclosure, where they were dispatched by being knocked on the head with waddies.

We were surprised we did not see a single tail cut off. Probably there is no soup more delicious than that of kangaroo, when properly made; and it seemed lamentable that the tail and hindquarters should be wasted, and not boiled down for the purpose and put into tins for export and home consumption. We were astonished to see that the animals were not even skinned, when we have seen similar pelts realize seventeen shillings a dozen in the Melbourne markets. The number of animals destroyed at the three battues was close upon 4,000. Two kangaroos are computed to eat as much as three sheep; hence the necessity of their wholesale destruction.—*Geelong Advertiser.*

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A MAN was brought before a Paris Court, not long since, for not heading the law "that no dog should go at large without a muzzle." In his defense, he alleged that his dog had a muzzle.

"How is that?" asked the justice.

"Oh," said the defendant, "the act says nothing as to where the muzzle should be placed, and, as I know my dog hates a muzzle, I put it on his tail."

A FATHER, living near Cincinnati, was one evening learning his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein he related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares.

"What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "Tell me, my son, what a tare is?"

"You had 'em,"

"Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide.

"Last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell aunt Susan that you was off on a tare."

The Sunday-school lesson was brought to an abrupt close, and Johnny was sent off to bed.

A GOOD sort of man in Maine was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church.

"Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it."

DINNER FOR THE SULTAN.—A Turkey and a bottle of Port.

TO SMOKERS.—If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar.

PERSONS of literary tastes will find "Lamb's tales (tails)" a very palatable and wholesome dish.

A NEGROES, speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest, said:

"I nubber could bear dat brat, 'cause he show dirt so easy."

COIN is rising. Bread is dearer. Even the better classes appear to be falling into dreadful destitution, for it is no uncommon sight now to meet their wives and daughters wearing nothing but sacks.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A canter will give you ruddy cheeks; a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

GOING UP.—How do you arrive at the height of a church-steeple on a hot day? Per-spire.

It will be a highly agreeable piece of intelligence to hosts of charming women and fascinating men when they learn that a company is in existence for the purpose of promoting "matrimonial alliances."

A GOOD PLACE FOR EARLY BIRDS.—The city of Worms.

A YOUNG lady named Taylor meeting a former acquaintance named Mason at a party, where the latter was assuming any quantity of importance in consequence of wealth, and who did not deign to notice her, revenged herself by stepping into the group surrounding the haughty belle, and thus addressing her with the most winning smile:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason; and your name is Mason, and your father was a tailor."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it.

THE WAITER'S EPITAPH.—"Coming, coming!"

THE AUCTIONEER'S EPITAPH.—"Going, going, gone!"

WHAT wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about.

WHEN the man pushed his wife into the fire, he gallantly remarked:

"Let the toast be dear woman."

OH, dear!" blubbered an urchin who had just had an application of the birch; "oh, my! they tell me forty rods make a furlong, but I've just found out that one rod makes an acher (acre)."

It is a common saying of moralists that the lower order of animals have not the voices of man, yet it is certain that some of the insects are back-biters, and all of the quadrupeds are tale-bearers.

WHEN Voltaire was told that a friend of his was studying to become a physician, he exclaimed:

"Why will he be so mean? He will have to thrust drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less."

A PAPER notorious for its veracity, says that a man in New Hampshire went out gunning one day last spring—he saw a flock of pigeons sitting on a branch of an old pine, so he dropped a ball into his gun and fired. The ball split the branch, which closed up and caught the toes of all the birds in it. He saw that he had got them all, so he fastened two balls together and fired; out the branch fell, which fell into the river; he then waded in and brought it ashore. On counting them there were three hundred pigeons, and in his boots were two barrels of shad.

FRED. DOUGLASS tells the following: When he was a slave in Maryland, he observed that an old negro, named Sandy, had the appearance of being always well fed, and looked very fat. He asked Sandy if he would explain how it happened so.

"Wall," says Sandy, "I steals it."

Douglass remarking on this point, Sandy replied (pointing to pig):

"D'y'ee see dat ere animal dere?"

"Yes."

"Wall, dat dere an massa's property, an' I am massa's property; derefore put dat dere property into dis property, and it's all right."

A FRENCH EDITOR gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement:

"The first time a man sees an advertisement, he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys."

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

#### THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL ASYLUM.

THE country is being constantly flooded with lotteries, gift enterprises and other outrageous swindles, and circulars abounding in extravagant promises are scattered broadcast in every city, town and village. This kind of swindling prepares the minds of the people to look with suspicion on all kinds of gift enterprises. Yet there are some which deserve at least consideration and examination, and among these is the Association formed for the purpose of founding an asylum for our disabled veterans. The ostensible object of the Gettysburg Asylum Association is to provide a national home for our invalid soldiers, similar to the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, or the Greenwich or Chelsea hospitals in England. Now, this is a very laudable and patriotic foundation for an enterprise. The only trouble is that gift undertakings do not always fulfill what they promise. A belligerent member of Congress jumps up in his seat in the House and says that the Gettysburg Asylum Enterprise is a humbug. Now, this is a very serious charge, and one which should not be made except on good grounds. The grounds for such a charge are not given; and, although all the proceedings of the National Asylum scheme have been so far characterized with honesty and fair play, yet this Mr. Van Wyck fulminates the thunders of his eloquence against it. It proposes to hold a gift festival next month in New York and Philadelphia, and distribute the presents to the lucky drawers in the self-same manner in which the gifts at the grand presentation festival for the benefit of the Soldiers' Orphan Asylum was conducted last year. The latter festival was an entire success, and gave satisfaction to all connected with it. It was conducted under the auspices of some of our most eminent citizens, and every encouragement was extended to it. If the Gettysburg Asylum affair, which certainly has an excellent object in view, prove a humbug, then why should the Legislature of Pennsylvania grant it a charter, and why should the names of some of our most eminent citizens be attached to it? It is the easiest thing in the world to unmask a humbug of this kind; but it is a very serious thing for a member of Congress to inveigh against it without being able to prove his assertions. The object of the Association is of the noblest kind, and its arrangements have been so far satisfactory. Let impartial justice, then, be done to it by the national legislature and the people.—*New York Herald, January 22nd, 1868.*

THE Italian journals tell a singular story. A soldier who had deserted and taken to brigandage, was captured and sentenced to death. Being brought out to the place of execution, a firing party of five performed their painful duty, and the sergeant commanding them perceiving that the man was not quite dead, gave him point-blank the coup-de-grace. In the belief that this was really a finishing stroke, the body was handed over to the grave-digger; but as night was approaching, the latter postponed his office until the morning, leaving above ground what he naturally supposed to be a corpse. The unfortunate man, however, was still alive, and the cold night air, by irritating his wounds, revived him. Painfully he dragged himself to the wall of the enclosure, against which he managed to place a ladder which happened to be there, got over, although all bleeding and with his arm broken by the bullets, and delivered himself up as prisoner at the nearest guard-house. The Ministers of War and Justice each claim this resuscitated victim of martial law, but the belief is that he will be pardoned. His wounds are not mortal, and his arm has been reset.

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Pain in body, limbs, all over,  
Pain in head, face, teeth, or side,  
Pain in liver, heart, or shoulder,  
Paint with Pain Paint, joy beside.

Druggists are selling Paint so fast,  
It keeps them lively—does not last;  
Renew their stock, lay in a store,  
And still the people call for more.

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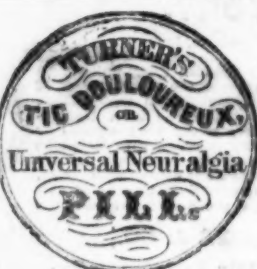


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